

# The Nation

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[The Editor will be pleased to consider manuscripts if accom-  
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responsibility, however, for manuscripts submitted to him.]

## Events of the Week.

No utterance of British, or even European, statesmanship since the war began compares in importance with the letter which Lord Lansdowne has sent the "Telegraph," and which has been withheld from the "Times," or even refused by it. Lord Lansdowne and Lord Grey, whose policy on the war is, we believe, identical with that of the Unionist leader, are the two Foreign Secretaries most closely connected with the British diplomacy which preceded the war. Both are men of great ability and experience; and Lord Lansdowne, in particular, was the father of the Anglo-French Entente. His judgment, therefore, as to the character of the peace is of the first consequence, and must vitally effect the European situation. His letter should at once be re-published as a leaflet, and issued by the million to every class and interest in the country.

THIS great State document, which has been received with enthusiasm in nearly all Liberal and many Conservative quarters, is a clear and reasoned statement of the case for a League of Nations as the essential basis of the peace. Premising that "we are now in the fourth year of the most dreadful war that the world has ever known," that Ministers admit no hope of peace, and that beating the Germans is not an end in itself but only a means of saving the world from a recurrence of its grand calamity, Lord Lansdowne accepts the Grey-Asquith definition of that end as "security." This he puts "in the front line of our peace demands." How is it to be attained? Lord Lansdowne properly says that there is

no danger of our losing the war. But he warns us that its prolongation spells ruin to the world, and that even peace is a slight blessing to nations so exhausted that they can hardly stretch out a hand to grasp it. Peace will therefore come because of a general world-sense that the war has lasted too long.

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WHERE, then, can the necessary "stimulus" to this much-desired end be found? Lord Lansdowne lays down five ways of approach, all of which, he truly says, are implied in Ministerial speeches, though they have never been collected and fixed as Ministerial policy. We should make it understood—

(1) That we do not desire the annihilation of Germany as a Great Power;

(2) That we do not seek to impose upon her people any form of government other than that of their own choice;

(3) That, except as a legitimate war measure, we have no desire to deny to Germany her place among the great commercial communities of the world;

(4) That we are prepared, when the war is over, to examine in concert with other Powers the group of international problems, some of them of recent origin, which are connected with the question of "the freedom of the seas";

(5) That we are prepared to enter into an international pact under which ample opportunities would be afforded for the settlement of international disputes by peaceful means.

Lord Lansdowne admits that No. 4 may be "ambiguous," though here again he is in exact line with Viscount Grey, while the submarine danger has given an entirely new angle to our naval policy. On this basis Lord Lansdowne hopes for a "lasting and honorable peace" with the New Year. His word will awake a world-echo, nowhere deeper than in the Armies.

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LORD LANSDOWNE's letter is not the only omen of peace. Doubtless under American pressure, the Paris Conference is expanding from a debate on war-prosecution into a little Parliament on war-aims. The French Press, sensitive to the disclosures of the Bolsheviks, shows friendliness to this conception. The "Temps" suggests that American counsels should be heard, and a way found out of the net of "complicated agreements" woven at Petrograd. The always moderate "Débats" goes further, and says outright that "President Wilson's delegates" "have the right to examine" the earlier treaties, and that "all trace of Imperialism," "every clause infringing the right of civilized peoples to dispose of themselves," must be struck out of them.

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THE Bolshevik Government is bent on forcing Russia out of the war, and if the pending elections to the Constituent Assembly give it a majority, will probably succeed. It has offered Germany an armistice and a peace parley, and appointed Ensign Krylenko to bring it about and supersede the Commanding Generals. He has been resisted by the General Army Committee, but one army, the Fifth, has opened negotiations with the Germans, who first refused, and then, it is said, agreed to them. Apparently the Roumanian, South-Western, and Caucasian Armies are staunch for

the war; while other commands are divided. A third of the whole force is likely to come out; the rest appear to be substantially intact. Politically, a still graver step is Lenin's threat to declare a state of bankruptcy, and proclaim all the foreign loans invalid. This would be a terrible blow to France. But as any such "va banque" will also ruin Russia for a generation, the moderate Socialists and the bourgeoisie will certainly unite to stop it.

THE battle at Cambrai has now apparently developed into the more familiar model of a struggle for yards. That is not, of course, a just description of it. Underneath the smaller changes of recent days, there lies the immediate fate of a considerable part of the German front. We are confronted by a situation the seriousness of which the bulk of German critics do not attempt to disguise. Ludendorff, who was reported to be on the Eastern Front, is now officially stated to be on the Western Front. It needs little imagination to read the history of an official pronouncement of that sort. The most significant gain of recent days is the wooded knoll of Bourlon. Six miles or so to the west lies Quéant and Bourlon Wood is slightly farther north, and sufficiently high to look down upon it. The situation is therefore almost as bad as it can be for the stretch of the German defensive system lying between the two places. From Bourlon Wood the British look well over all the enemy dispositions in this sector. Indeed, all the ground up to the Arras-Cambrai road and as far west as Bullecourt is under observation from the same vantage ground. Only one small hump, some three mètres higher, is to be found in the whole of this area. Cambrai itself lies in a shallow saucer to the east, and no train can enter its station without the risk of a shell wrecking it. The main Arras-Cambrai road is so completely swept by the British guns as to be useless.

It was on Friday, the fourth day of the offensive, that the wood was stormed; but German Guard Fusiliers and Pomeranian Grenadiers, after violent counter-attacks, forced the British to give ground slightly. The village of Bourlon was lost with this temporary retirement, and further counter-attacks on Saturday pressed us back on the hill. But by night Welsh and Scottish troops had re-taken the village, and practically the whole of the wood. The enemy has not even yet abandoned his attempts to re-capture the position; but at present we have not only held all his attacks, but have even advanced once more against Fontaine Notre Dame, which we captured in the general advance, and were later compelled to evacuate owing to the enfilade fire from Bourlon Wood, not then in our possession. The new front has also been improved to the west of the wood by the capture of more of the German positions, but at Mœuvres, just west of the Canal du Nord, the resistance has been very stubborn. The whole of the German resistance is extremely skilful. At Mœuvres the enemy hold a sort of pocket in the line. At Fontaine they maintain themselves in a similar but shallower loop. The result is that the line about Bourlon Wood makes a salient between the two places.

THE British position here depends almost wholly on the 100 feet or so by which the wooded knoll towers above Mœuvres and Fontaine. The places lie only four miles apart, and the observation is therefore effective, though it must be the reverse of pleasant to remain on the hill. It is necessary to study the position in detail, since the main hope of further development depends upon Bourlon Wood, and this, in turn, must be conditioned by the adjacent positions. The new attack upon Fontaine has failed, though how completely we do not know. The village was re-captured on Tuesday in a spirited attack by British Guard battalions; but against the men, wearied with a hundred fierce struggles among the houses, were flung Prussian Guards of two divisions. The village was lost, but it is quite possible that some part of it is still held by detachments of Guards. It is clear that a further irruption across the

German lines at present might threaten complete disaster, and the resistance is therefore being hourly stiffened by the new units, brought from other sectors. The battle is not over. Its results have not yet been gathered. But the first phase has ended, and another mood and pace characterize the struggle which has begun.

GENERAL ALLENBY is still some miles from Jerusalem, and is now dealing with the first formidable resistance since the battles before Beersheba and Gaza. The coastal column is standing along the southern bank of the Nahr-el-Auja, some four miles north of Jaffa, and from thence the Allied line runs eastward towards the Jerusalem-Shechem road. This, which is the main line of the Turkish retreat, is being kept open by strong bodies of Turks. The enemy are also holding the high ground west of Jerusalem, but the mounted Allied troops have captured Bether Station and Ain Karim, which lies some 3½ miles distant from the Holy City. From this point the Allied line holds the Judean Highlands in a wide-flung curve from the south of Hebron. The position is one of great interest, and it says much for the stamina of the Turks that they can oppose so stubborn a resistance after the heavy losses of the campaign.

THE Italians have now been standing upon the Piave for nearly three weeks. It is a little longer since von Hölzendorf began his offensive from the Trentino, and the enemy, having failed to secure decisive advantages while the Italians were still shaken, seems likely to be foiled altogether now that the Allied reinforcements are concentrating behind the lines. There has been a lull in the fighting for the last few days, after successful Italian counter-attacks. It is even reported that the German units have been withdrawn. But we cannot be certain that another blow is not pending. The main communications through Trent have not yet been fully used, and they would be a more suitable line of supply for German than for Austrian troops. We may yet hear of them in that quarter. But snow is filling up the higher levels of the hills, and it is too soft to do anything but clog any attempts to advance.

By no means the least effect of Mr. Lloyd George's recent speeches is that the public have been provided with a completely wrong set of values. But the communication with which he chose to save himself in the debate on his Paris speech was the most mischievous of all. It is presumably true that five German submarines were sunk. But this wholly obscured the fact that the submarine campaign has never ceased to be a critical factor of the military situation. For two weeks the sinkings of large vessels fell. Last week they increased to 11 and this week the total is again 14. These figures give no indication of the total tonnage sunk, and do not attempt to suggest the tonnage temporarily useless. It is necessary to bear in mind that the military situation is conditioned by this question of tonnage as by no other factor and that the average sinkings are much too high for safety. That there is a rhythm in the casualties and a momentary fall must not be taken to mean that the problem is solved. We are now in an ascending series of sinkings.

THE back page article in last week's "Herald"—"How they starve at the Ritz!"—has been read or quoted all over London. The varied *menu* of delicacies upon which the wealthy may dine for the trifling sum of a guinea and a half is exhibited to awaken the just resentment of the workers struggling in queues for the right to buy their modicum of tea, butter, sugar. Sometimes, no doubt it awakes, not anger but envy. The *Daily Mail* brings a clever stream of criticism from another quarter by turning a big munition-man on to the Ritz *menu*. Bill has no complaint to make about the quality, but after going through the list decides "to go and have something to eat," giving us to understand that his usual lunch at the works consists of "a thundering big steak, a pound and a-half of potatoes, college

pudding, and a pint of beer." There is a certain point in the criticism. So far as the quality of nutritious food goes, the Ritz banquet may be a little less wasteful than it seems. Its solid food substance is not heavy, nor does most of the money spent on it represent labor cost. But the point is that if the Chancellor of the Exchequer had done his duty, few people would have had the money to buy such meals.

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WE have received the following letter from Dr. Addison:—

"I observe that in your last week's issue you have published a list of 'so-called Labor and Liberal Members of Parliament who, on Tuesday night, supported Plural Voting in the large boroughs.' The object of the publication of this list, with such a description of it, is evidently to create prejudice against those of us named in the list amongst our supporters in the country. It is not the first, and possibly it will not be the last, of your efforts to create dissatisfaction against those Liberals who are members of, or who support, the present Government. It would appear that you are of those who wish to make the best of both worlds, and are willing to support the compromise upon which the Bill is based when it suits you and repudiate it when it does not. I do not expect that any one of those whose names you have mentioned will have changed their views on the subject of Plural Voting any more than I have, but a part of the compromise recommended in the Speaker's Conference on the question of Plural Voting was that a person might have two votes—one in respect of his residence and one other in another constituency in respect of the occupation of business premises. The fact that Proportional Representation was not adopted did not release any of us, in my view, from the honorable obligation into which we had entered that we would support the unanimous recommendation of the Speaker's Conference throughout. The fact that by the non-acceptance of Proportional Representation there may be several constituencies in some large boroughs in no way affects the understanding. The Bill, as you surely know, limits the number of votes which a person may have to two, and marks, for those who have hitherto objected to Plural Voting, a great advance, whilst, at the same time, it enfranchises millions of new voters. The different parties forming the Government agreed on the basis of the Speaker's Conference, taking what they liked with what they disliked, to try and pass the Bill through Parliament. You appear to conceive it to be your duty to make your contribution to national enfranchisement the sowing of discord between those whose practical unity is essential to its accomplishment; or is it that your dislike of the Prime Minister and of the Government is greater than your zeal for the Representation of the People?"

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DR. ADDISON completely misrepresents the situation. No such extension of plural voting as Dr. Addison voted for was contemplated by the Conference. Under Proportional Representation as originally proposed, plural voting would have been a trifling matter, for, as Mr. Aneurin Williams pointed out, where the town was not too big for three, four, or five members, there would be only one division, and no plural voting. Now, proportional representation is gone. Mr. Healy illustrated the difference by saying that with P.R. only seventeen constituencies would have been subject to the plural vote; without it 127 will be so affected. It is a new form of plural voting for which Dr. Addison has voted.

\* \* \*

WE give this week a list of the Liberal and Labor Members who, in scorn of the teaching of Liberalism and democracy, voted for the disfranchisement of men who, on religious or conscientious grounds, object to forced military service, including Quakers and others, who may actually be under fire in the service of the ambulances:—

Sir Roland Barran.  
Annan Bryce.  
Sir F. Cawley.  
Sir J. Compton-Rickett.  
Sir Clifford Cory.  
Vaughan Davies.  
Ellis Griffith.

Robert Harcourt.  
R. L. Harmsworth.  
Lewis Haslam.  
Sir Charles Henry.  
John Hodge.  
S. L. Hughes.  
F. G. Kellaway.

George Lambert.  
T. J. Macnamara.  
Sir Croydon Marks.  
Sir Alfred Mond.  
Hector Morison.  
O. Partington.  
Sir Ivor Philipps.

Sir H. Raphael.  
C. B. Stanton.  
E. A. Strauss.  
Sir Garrod Thomas.  
Sir Courtenay Warner.  
T. J. Williams.  
Sir Archibald Williamson.

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SOME of the vigilance aroused by the Regulation on leaflets ought to be directed to other features of the Defence of the Realm Regulations. For instance, Regulation 51A empowers the authorities to search premises and seize documents and printing appliances. But it also requires the police to act by warrant, and to bring the offending parties before a court. A right of appeal against the magistrates' decision is also granted. Are these requirements being observed? We are told of raids, but nothing about process. By what legal authority do the police claim to detain property in respect of which process is not taken? It is the more necessary to scrutinize these acts of executive officials, because there appears to be an attempt to set up an administrative law which is entirely foreign to our jurisdiction. Dicey scouts the existence or tolerance of such administrative sanctions, and the Defence of the Realm Acts clearly contemplate that British subjects against whom an offence is alleged shall be brought before a court to answer. The law of this land is still administered by judges, and not by officials, and if this careless procedure goes on, the protection of the courts should be sought.

\* \* \*

NONE of the newspapers and apparently very few authors seemed to have realised the importance to publishers and writers of fiction attaching to the action of *Seymour v. Heinemann and Others* which was heard and dismissed on Friday of last week, in the King's Bench, before Mr. Justice Darling. Briefly, the facts are as follows:—Thirty-three years ago Mr. George Moore published a novel entitled "A Modern Lover," the hero of which was called Lewis Seymour. In 1917 Mr. Moore, following the precedent set by Mr. Henry James and others, revised his novel and changed the title to "Lewis Seymour and Some Women," which was duly issued by Mr. Heinemann. Thirty-three years ago there was a small boy bearing the fine old English name of Kempner, who seven years ago changed his name to Seymour. He had the good or bad fortune never to have heard of "A Modern Lover," which, by the time he had changed his name, had reached its fifteenth edition. He is now a trooper in the Artists' Rifle Corps, and when Mr. Moore's novel was re-issued under its new title became, he said, the victim of chaff from his friends and acquaintances. His wife wrote him a curt letter on the subject of Mr. Moore's novel, though he did not produce either his wife or the curt letter. He received anonymous letters and again failed to produce them, and his only evidence consisted of two witnesses—a hairdresser and a manager of some motor works—who apparently thought their friend was the original of Mr. Moore's novel. The jury retired from the box, which hardly seemed necessary after the judge's summing-up, but they found against every one of Mr. Seymour's claims.

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Now it is fairly obvious, as Mr. Justice Darling pointed out, that if the Plaintiff had made out any case and obtained a verdict, any publisher who reissued "Tom Jones" even under a new title might be sued by all the Tom Joneses in England because the hero of Fielding's novel was guilty of exactly the same weaknesses as the hero of Mr. Moore's book. Indeed, there is no reason why anyone entitled Mr. Abraham, whether the name has been abandoned or assumed, should not sue the printers of the Bible for suggesting that Mr. Abraham was represented as having tried to sacrifice his son. We hope that the Society of Authors or Publishers or both in combination will present some testimonial to Mr. Heinemann, on whom the expenses of the vexatious action must fall, if they cannot be obtained from "Mr. Kempner."



## Politics and Affairs.

### A MUZZLING ORDER FOR THE MIND.

NEARLY eighty members of Parliament have subscribed to a motion denouncing the Order in Council which enables an unknown man in a Government office to decide what the people of Britain shall think. We could have wished that the list had included a single leader of the Liberal Party, just as a few days ago we should have expected to see Mr. Asquith standing with Lord Hugh Cecil against the act of intolerance that would have disfranchised John Bright. Our consolation is that if the defence of liberty must pass into other hands than those of Liberal statesmanship, so long as the wind blows and water runs in England, it will not fail. Christianity is always dying of the Churches and Liberalism of the Liberal Party; nevertheless both survive. They live because the soul of man wants them, and cannot do without them. But there is a danger. It will be useless for British soldiers to win the battle of liberty abroad if British statesmen insist on losing it at home. We Radicals and Democrats have always formed a certain mental picture of the faith and mission of our native land. It may not have always corresponded with the facts. But it was a pretty definite impression about us in the year when we entered the war, and if our press have worked hard to undo it, and to present the neutral world with the vision of one odious tyranny confronting another, it lies with us to restore the England of our hopes and dreams. We cannot honestly say that it exists to-day. A country which is forbidden to discuss matters "relating to the present war or the making of peace," save on terms approved by its Government, lies under as heavy a yoke as that of the Kaiser or the Russian Maximalists. The act is one of sheer intimidation, impossible to defend save as a general embargo on criticism. It cripples the intellectual life of the Empire in the act of striking from its hand its great moral weapon against Prussianism. If it prevails, the people can no longer truly be said to be *in* the war, though their blood and money have flowed in rivers to maintain it. The war becomes the exclusive affair of their Government. Its errors must go uncorrected, for they can only be revealed by the process of criticism. Its plans continually change; and yet they will always be right, for who is to prove them wrong? Peace may be, in Mr. Asquith's words, the supreme interest of mankind, but if this order stands, it will be a forbidden word in England. Millions have died to win it; yet the politicians who have seized the power—for neither Parliament nor the people ever gave it them—will yield currency only to that kind of settlement which fits in with their own wavering and undeclared counsels.

But if we ask what Pope, what Emperor, could ask more than Mr. George and his colleagues demand of the people of England, we may well examine the grounds of their claim. They are well armed against schism. They have the right of search, of seizure, of prosecution. They have suspended Habeas Corpus. They have "Dora," and a judiciary that smiles on her. And who opposes them? Even among those who cannot subscribe to Mr. George's gospel of "Cursed be the Peacemakers" there is no extreme pacifism; and the Conscientious Objectors are a mere handful. No party calls for an immediate, or an unconditional, or a German peace. Not a hundred men in England would surrender to Prussianism or let it pass from the war with Belgium in its grip, or singing an "Io, trumpe" to its

odious self. In the minds of most critics of the Government, the question of the prosecution of the war has been kept distinct from that of the statement and examination of the terms of an Allied peace, of the definite abandonment of Imperialistic aims, or of the establishment, as its supreme end and guerdon, of a world system of international law and disarmament. Therefore, it must be at this latter form of dealing with the "present war," and the "making of peace" that the Order in Council is aimed. Now, it is not as if the Government had presented a clear alternative. In fact, two vague opposed sketches of policy have been set before the country, and there has never been a decision between them. The first, that of the Asquith Government, now set before the country by Lord Lansdowne in language of the utmost weight, aimed at a re-settlement of the world under a new reign of order and international peace. The second was roughly stated in Mr. George's coarse rhetoric as that of the "knock-out blow," and is almost daily defined in the "Times" as a scheme of territorial aggrandisement for this country and its Allies. The League of Nations never appears in it, and is incompatible with it. With most of its adherents it implies an anti-German trade boycott; an issue, which, in Lord Grey's words, admits that "the end of the fighting has been inconclusive."\*

Now, it is clear that both these conceptions of peace cannot stand. One or the other must go, and it is for public opinion to come to a choice between them. If it is for Mr. Wilson's and Lord Lansdowne's "covenanted peace," a peace to end the reign of force, Governments in a free country are bound to accept its decision, and frame their action, military and political, in harmony with it. If it prefers Mr. George's peace of unconditional surrender, again, let war and policy be adapted to that tremendous task. But if the Government lay all debate under censure, while giving free rein to only one of two possible judgments on the issues of the war, it is a tyranny, whether it dates its decrees from Whitehall or from Potsdam. For democracy is at bottom nothing but Milton's power "to know, to utter, and argue freely," and this Regulation is a notice to the nation that a vast body of "utterance" and "argument" is not free. "Uttering" a prayer for peace, in the words either of Jesus or the Prayer Book, comes as clearly within the Regulation as "arguing" for a League of Nations, or any kind of reflection on the politics or the strategy of the war, provided it is written as a leaflet or a pamphlet. The book and the newspaper are no safer, for a book is only an enlarged pamphlet, and a leading article an expanded leaflet. The only hope of escape from Mr. George's Muzzling Order for the Mind is to agree with him. For the real effect of setting up an Index and an Inquisition is that at which all Inquisitions aim—namely, to establish a standard of infallible opinion. The Government must be generally "deemed" to be right—even when it contradicts itself. Mr. George was right in being for and against Stockholm, right about Gallipoli, right about Mesopotamia, right in fixing the price of potatoes and unfixing it, right in having a Supreme War Council and not having it, right in saying that we had conquered the submarine and allowing his First Lord to say that we had not. Doubtless, democracy supplies no such stamp of infallibility. It gives us bad opinions as well as good. But it also supplies their corrective in the criticism which gives Government the power of testing its own action and relating it to the mind of the nation.

\*In a preface to Mr. Gilbert Murray's pamphlet (now liable to censorship) entitled "The Way Forward."



What need, then, exists for destroying this right of criticism? The country is very well. In spite of Lord Northcliffe's calumnies, Great Britain has made both the greatest and the most united effort of the war. Its soldiering and sailing have been wonderful, and its industrial output more wonderful still. But it does happen to exhibit one vulnerable spot to its foe. Its statesmanship is the poorest in Europe. Germany, essentially beaten by us on the field and in the economic struggle, has worsted us with the neutrals, in Russia, and in the Balkans. She has probably done viler things to internal liberty even than this ukase of Mr. George. But she has done nothing that looks worse, nothing that shows such fear of public opinion, and carries with it so damaging a suggestion of a divided State. Now and again she suppresses or dishonors a Harden or a Förster. But a German pamphleteer may talk of peace. An English one may not. He may die and be taxed, but under the Regulation the author of the Bolo speech, of the knock-out interview, will do his thinking for him, while Sir Edward Carson and his "galloper" of the Ulster rebellion guard the broad road to sedition. Yet of what else but peace is this ravaged world—English, German, French, Italian, American—thinking, even when its mind fixes itself on the immediate realities of war? And what more sacred right belongs to its soldiers and civilians than that of examining the proposals for its re-settlement? And if men think, are they not to write, or is thought to be driven underground till it bursts out in the revolutionary flood? Almost every habit and familiar institution and convention of the mind and life of man has been uprooted in this tempest; and Reason, which is the controlling and harmonizing force, the Light and Peace of God on the raging waters, cannot be shut out. The Regulation will be resisted and destroyed. For if it stood, the war could not be won, because there would be no England worth the name to win it, and no end to it but the triumph of her worst enemy.

#### THE SOLDIERS' VINDICATION.

THERE have been few more dramatic episodes in the war than the recent battle before Cambrai. If someone with full control of all the elements, ponderable and imponderable, that are involved in the world war had deliberately staged the battle, he could hardly have chosen his accompaniments better. The British Staff was for the moment in eclipse. It had been hotly assailed on all sides. It was supposed to be so stupid that the merest tyro could teach it strategy. The Western offensive was pictured as the hurling of devoted troops against an impenetrable wall manned by a stupendous concentration of guns, and the paradox that because the Italian line had given way the impenetrable wall on the Isonzo would have yielded if we had attacked it, was received as inspired truth. Venice seemed open to the invader, and all the Allied plans had turned to water.

In the midst of this outburst, Sir Douglas Haig suddenly launched the most brilliant and daring offensive of the war. The Ypres offensive was still forcing its inexorable course, step by step, when at a sudden leap the Third British Army went through almost as many miles of the new Hindenburg line as the whole of the Somme offensive. What that titanic struggle achieved in five months the battle of last week secured in almost as many hours. The depth of penetration was little less and the tactical triumph was as considerable. The losses were vastly different, as different, indeed, as the disproportion between the British and German

casualties in the two battles. And at the end, assuming the battle ended for the moment, the necessity of readjustment in the German positions is much the same. Instead of this patient, long drawn-out stubborn horror of the Somme and Ypres offensives, in a few hours elated soldiers were crossing the successive fortified trench systems, filled with all the evidences of precipitate flight, and were standing before the great junction of Cambrai. The hasty critic will naturally wonder why such episodes are not the normal procedure of the war. But the plain fact is that without these long continued methodical offensives such surprises would be impossible. The cumulative offensive turns the fronts into a kind of inclined plane. Gradually, guns and troops flow down into the threatened area, and the suggestive value of the sequence—bombardment and attack—is such that the material and moral factors are prepared for a successful surprise assault if there should be no preliminary bombardment. But such an assault would still be impossible if it were not for the "tank." The dense wire would hold up the advancing troops and make them an easy prey for the German barrage and machine-gun fire.

There is every indication that the British command had the full measure of the situation, and their success was as unambiguous as it was rapid. A great cavity has been blown in the famous Hindenburg line; and nearly 10,000 prisoners and over 100 guns were taken. All the communications with Cambrai are under fire, and the reverse of the Drocourt-Queant line is commanded by our guns, directed with excellent observational facilities. Some readjustments are already taking place, and more must follow. And yet many thoughtful people will wonder why the offensive paused this side of Cambrai. We give the reflection in no carping spirit, for we hold that the soldiers and even the extreme Westerners have been fully justified. But can anyone doubt that if Sir Douglas Haig had had the resources he would have continued to press the enemy "at their weakest point"? What stood before him was as nothing to that which he had crossed, and if the enemy has time he will betake himself to the congenial task of building other "impregnable" walls, reasoning with some point that other people's labor is cheaper than his own blood. Sir Douglas Haig, in his Order of the Day, expresses his thanks to all his Staff workers "for the success with which they have met the severe strain imposed by the arrangements for these operations in addition to the sudden movement of troops to Italy." We are bound to wonder if the strain has not been even more searching. General Plumer and his Staff, one of the finest fighting organizations of the Army, with some divisions of picked troops, have been sent to Italy, just when we were rounding off the Ypres offensive, taking over more of the French front, and preparing this new attack.

We shall be told that it was our clear duty and interest to give direct help to Italy. As against this contention we must simply appeal to plain military theory and the urgency of the German situation. It is beyond question that a vigorous blow in the West at a certain point would cause Germany to throw up everything else to counter it. Major Moraht, probably the sanest of German military critics, in discussing the Cambrai attack, adds the significant remark: "But even if our offensive in Italy should have to be restricted by the continued thrust of the Allies against Cambrai. . . ." That is a complete answer to those who have insisted that the Western offensive cannot help our Allies. An important article in the "Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung" was even appealing for Austrian help on the Western front before the Cambrai attack. "Hatred of the Poles towards Germany has reached a height never before

known," it states, and the implication is that a considerable immobilization of German troops will be necessary to protect German residents in Poland. In the final resort it is Germany the Germans must protect. It is certain that any considerable threat to the Fatherland would mean an almost immediate withdrawal of all available German troops to deal with it. Major Morait is like all Germans a Westerner as regards strategy. That flank at all costs must be preserved inviolate. And this cardinal point of German military polity should inspire our own strategy. We have had ample warning of the danger of a dispersion of our force at critical junctures. We have gained much by the Battle of Cambrai; how much we can gather from the implied eulogies in the comments of the German critics. But it will bring us much nearer the end of things if our statesmen can be induced to attend to their own business.

### THE SECRET TREATIES.

THE Russian "Bolsheviks" have made themselves impossible among European governments by publishing the secret treaties, and by their other startling evidences of impossibility. Neither allies nor enemies are likely to "recognize" a government which begins by dragging a selected assortment of skeletons out of the common cupboard, and then goes on to suggest that peace should be made by deputations from the privates of both armies fraternising between the trenches. The Germans, we dare say, will make some use of these documents for their own purposes of propaganda, but they will be slow to deal with men who show so little regard for the conventions of diplomacy. The irruption into the European hothouses of these uncomfortable people, whose mission plainly is to be the iconoclasts of all the accepted conventions, is probably no more welcome to Berlin than it is to London and Paris. Our impression is that the disorganisation and disintegration of Russia is now proceeding faster and further than is at all convenient to Berlin. Russia for some time has been harmless to her enemy neighbors in the military sense: she may soon be perilous in the political sense. For our part, though we hold that a secret treaty is always an offence against the nations involved in it against their will, we are old-fashioned enough to think that Lenin and Trotsky had no sort of right to make free with the documents which came into their possession by their *coup de main*. Russia is still, we suppose, in alliance with the Western Powers, dependent on them, while the war lasts, for all manner of military and financial aid. The very motor-cars and rifles which the Red Guard used to overawe Petrograd, came in all probability out of our resources. They may be free to expose the iniquities of the late Tsar, but some sense of decency should have led them to pause before they held up their own Allies, whom their predecessors liberally blackmailed, to the censure of the world. The worst of revelations of this kind is that they are always partial. Trotsky indeed has said that he has no doubt that the secret treaties between Germany and her Allies are no less cynical than these, but he does not happen to be in a position to publish them. In the long run it is conceivable that a complete rending of the veil of secret diplomacy might break the moral credit of all the governments, and lead eventually to a people's peace. The process at best would be slow, and all the censorships stand in its way. The Governments are not so simple as to allow Lenin and his friends to scatter their universal solvents of loyalty up and down Europe unhindered. By adopting this course the Bolshevik leaders have wrecked their own

chances, such as they were, of furthering an early general peace. A man may be *enfant terrible* or peace-maker, as he chooses. But choose he must. The two rôles cannot be united.

The first and most obvious objection to secret diplomacy is that it rarely is secret. The natural man turned to these documents with high expectations, and has been gravely disappointed. They have not even achieved a momentary success by flattering our curiosity. There is nothing new in them that is important, and most of us think that we know or guess a good deal more about the "secret" machinations of Governments than these papers disclose. We have as yet only summaries, which may possibly have suffered some loss in transmission, and the series of revelations may not yet be complete. The two main documents, however, were already well known, and the Bolshevik texts merely confirm transactions about which none of us felt much doubt. We knew from the ex-Premier Trepoff's statement that the Western Allies had sanctioned Russia's claim to Constantinople and the Straits. We knew from the disclosures of Dr. Michaelis, which M. Ribot had partially confirmed, that French aspirations to German territory went far beyond the old frontiers of Alsace-Lorraine. It was even current gossip that a sort of peace-conference of cosmopolitan financiers had taken place in Switzerland, and the new fact is merely that the Russian Minister in Berne reported it, and suggested the identity of the English banker who attended it. That undoubtedly is a grave fact, and we hope that Labor, the world over, will draw the obvious inferences from it. Finance is preparing to play its part in the settlement. It can act when it chooses to act across frontiers, and meet when the delegates of democratic forces are still unable to meet. The Home Office, which had professed to treat this Financiers' Conference as a pure invention, is now confronted with evidence which cannot be quite dismissed. If the banker in question exists, will he be prosecuted for associating with the enemy? For the rest, there is still much in the cupboard whence these things came, which doubtless will one day see the light. What, for example, were the "rights over Asiatic Turkey" which the other Allies asked Russia to recognize? M. Miliukoff and sundry other persons in their inner world of diplomacy have disclosed some details of the scheme of partition, which assigned Smyrna and the region round it to Italy, Syria to France, and Mesopotamia to Great Britain. The Bolshevik collection omits the bargain with Italy, which is generally known to have given her not merely Trieste, but the Slav hinterland behind it as well as the Serb country of Dalmatia, down to the River Narenta. The futility of secret treaties is as conspicuous as their immorality. They are seldom secret for long.

What chiefly impresses us about these secret bargains is their childlike unreality. We find M. Sazonoff insisting as late as February, 1916, on Russia's possession of Constantinople, and even declaring that the Polish question must be excluded from international consideration, and instructing his Ambassador in Paris "to allow no attempts to put the future of Poland under the guarantee or control of the Powers." That was after the Russian catastrophe of 1915, while the whole of Poland, most of Lithuania, and the territories of unhappy Serbia were overrun, and the fatal paralysis had overtaken the Russian armies which has lasted (with the exception of the two Galician offensives) to this day. Where was the force which was going to reverse this state of things, and by what shadow of right did the old Russia, which could have recovered Poland only with the

financial and military aid of the West, claim that we should renounce all concern with the future of the Poles? The declarations of Mr. Asquith and M. Briand, which seemed significant at the time, gain a new meaning when we realize that they were, in fact, an emphatic rebuff to a Russian claim. The Alliance seems, however, to have been uncertain at several crucial moments as to how far it meant to press the principle of a common international responsibility. The Allied Note to Mr. Wilson relapsed from it, and merely referred to the Tsar's promise to the Poles (whatever that meant) as the statement of its policy. In practice we question whether it had ever moved far beyond the tacit understanding that Russia might do as she pleased in the East, while the Western Powers did what they chose elsewhere. That fatal convention destroyed the moral unity of the Alliance throughout its career, even before the outbreak of this war. It meant that we flung the reins to a grasping and treacherous autocracy in the East, and the result of this doctrine of the free hand was that it reacted on the morals of the Liberal Powers themselves. Its effect is best seen in the Franco-Russian convention for the disposal of German territory in the West. The proposal, which is clearly summarised only in the "Manchester Guardian" of Tuesday, contemplated three transactions with German territory. (1) The old Alsace-Lorraine was to be annexed to France. (2) Beyond Alsace-Lorraine, the coal district of the Saar, which is convenient for the working of the iron-ore of Lorraine, was to be annexed to France—an annexation which, of course, goes beyond the claim for the restitution of the lost provinces, and is nothing but sheer conquest with a commercial motive. (3) The rest of the Left Bank was to be occupied by French troops, taken from Germany, and converted into a buffer State. We need not pause to say what every sober man feels about these plans of annexation. They were the speciality of the Nationalist School, and it is the French Chamber which must deal with them. But in what fool's paradise were these men living who drafted these schemes? The tragedy of our case is that the political conduct of the war has been so largely in the hands of men who reveal the mentality of the Prussian Annexationist without his sense for realities.

These revelations tell us little that is new. None the less, for guesses they give us some certainties. It is no longer possible for Ministers to fend off the curiosity of the House of Commons with the pretence that what all of us have known is an esoteric mystery. With or without the collaboration of a Russian Government, the revision of the war-aims of the Entente is now more than ever a necessity. Mr. Balfour's defence of secret diplomacy is wrecked on these revelations. We now know that when diplomatists enshrine their purposes in secret bargains, it is because these purposes themselves will not stand public scrutiny. If the statesmen of the Entente had jointly said to their soldiers and to the fathers of their soldiers at home, "You are fighting to win Constantinople for Russia, to enable the Tsar to do as he pleases with Poland, to partition Turkey, to dismember Austria with no scrupulous regard to nationality, to give much purely Bulgarian and some Serbian country to Roumania, and finally to hew from Germany land which is German,"—the war must have stopped in an outburst of indignation and revolt. The treaties will never be carried out, for the simple reason that the rottenness of the Russian autocracy was as bottomless as its appetites. If it had been as efficient as it was grasping, its influence in the settlement might have made a worse Europe than we knew in 1914. Its power has gone. It remains for the Western Democracies to deal with their own "dark forces."

The problem lies far beyond the resources of the small independent groups in Parliament. This is an emergency which calls for the intervention of statesmen who have claims to national leadership. The past work of diplomacy stands revealed and discredited. The alternative is open dealing.

#### GOVERNMENT BY TCHINOVNIKS.

DURING the opening years of the war the goodwill and patriotism of our business classes led them to accept the checks, interferences, scrutinies, and prohibitions, which the Government deemed essential for raising troops, furnishing munitions, stopping trade with the enemy, and promoting the blockade policy. Moreover, the profitable nature of the trade done with the Government bought off effective public criticism in this early stage. There were plenty of authentic stories of official incompetence and extravagance. But for the most part it was the public and not the business man that was the sufferer. As the war has proceeded, the growth of Controls, with their network of regulations, accompanied by an ever-increasing pressure of taxation upon profits, has gradually changed the feeling of business men from acquiescence into fear, suspicion, and resentment.

They see a huge cobweb of ill-considered and ever-changing regulations sprawling over the whole area of manufacture and commerce, and impeding everywhere the ordinary play of business operations. This is neither State Socialism nor private enterprise, nor any one stable compromise between the two. It is an immense variety of mere experiments in joint-control, most of which, while professing to leave the management in the hands of private employers, continually intervene with fresh rules and restrictions in regard to conditions of employment, supplies of materials and labor, areas of market, and selling prices. In trades directly engaged upon munitions or other supplies for the fighting forces these grievances are not so keenly felt, for official pressure is applied to stimulate these trades and oil the wheels of industry. But in other staple trades, many of them of equal importance for maintaining the vital and financial resources of the country, there is no such compensating quality in the control. Take, for example, the cotton trade of Lancashire. No sooner was it fully recovered from the depression of the opening year of war, than it became the peculiar object of a two handed punishment. Regarded as a non-essential industry, in the strict sense of that term, it has been subjected all along to the ravages of the Military Service Acts, which have taken from its mills nearly half their male operatives, while the shortage of shipping imperils the whole trade by cutting off the supplies of raw material. Unless the restrictions upon transport are relaxed, we shall shortly see a stoppage of a great number of the Lancashire factories, with all the indirect effects which unemployment and the loss of purchasing power will involve. Though we are well aware of the necessity of strict economy of transport, we are certain that the Government has undervalued the importance of doing all that is possible to maintain the greatest of our export trades at a time when we must be dependent upon imports for financial stability, our greatest non-military asset for a prolonged war.

But apart from such critical instances, is it advisable to feed the growing distrust of the business classes by this incessant spawning of new Committees and regulative bodies, central and local, upon some of which sit successful employers, empowered to overhaul the accounts of their competitors, and often to acquaint themselves with the most intimate details of their business methods and their finance? According to a recent Board of Trade return the Government has during the war appointed no fewer than 140 Committees, six Commissions, four Ministries, sixteen Departments, three Advisory Boards, two Executives, two panels, one



Registry, one Commissioner, and one clearing house for trading purposes. This does not take into account the countless local Committees which control food and other matters in which trading interests are involved. Every week brings new controls, new inquiries, and new extensions of existing powers of governmental interference. In all, except the trades to which priority is given, the Government operates as a hard taskmaster, demanding bricks without straw. These complaints are based upon no theoretical objection to State control. It is everywhere recognized that under a war emergency the Government must be entrusted with unusual powers. But the mode of appointment, the lack of correlation, the consequent overlapping and conflict of authority, the want of any consistent policy, the failure to consult the trade, the slow unwieldy character of the Controls—these are the crying grievances.

It may be replied that such defects are unavoidable in the hasty improvisation of official machinery which war has rendered necessary. But the reply is in itself an admission that all this machinery of control should be kept down to an absolute minimum. In fact every new department is engaged all the time in demanding and obtaining further extensions of its control, each of which hampers trades often remote from the original point of interference. All criticism is warded off by the unproved assertion that each step is needed to set free man-power, to economise shipping, or to restrict the use of some material needed for munitions or other war purpose. The general mind is usually mollified by the admission that some temporary hardship is involved but that it is only for the duration of the war. But we have now come to a time when all pretence of this brief temporary qualification is being dropped. Government Departments are laying their plans to maintain their grip on industry and commerce after the war is over, not merely during the immediate period of resettlement, but long enough to build up a permanent control.

The most impudent of these proposals is contained in the new Bill enabling the Privy Council on the recommendation of the Board of Trade to continue for three years after the conclusion of peace the powers "exercised during the present war as regards the control of imports and exports." Now it ought to be plainly recognised that, after the war is over, there will be for some time to come such a shortage of shipping and of certain foods and materials, that some rationing system as between various competing countries and trades will be needed, and that the governments of the different importing countries will have to make some joint arrangements. But that is no ground for removing from the legislature in being when the war is over all effective control over foreign trade and the fiscal considerations connected with it. The Bill empowers the Board of Trade to prohibit or restrict the importation or exportation of any goods of any class, description, or origin, and to give licenses to any trades or firms which can make out, not to Parliament, but to the officials, a case for such a favor. What right has a Parliament which has already immensely outlived its mandate, and exists only by the arbitrary exercise of its own will, to confer upon the Government a power which would incidentally include the making of a protective and discriminative tariff? It is the most arrogant assertion that bureaucracy has yet put forward, and ought to be met with stern refusal. The shock to which the world is subjected will leave great changes in the currents of trade, and the best available skill and knowledge will be required for the work of adjustment. This skill and knowledge for the most part must be sought among business men. It is folly to remove it from their hands and place it under inexperienced officials and at the mercy of any Ministry which may happen to be floated into power on the turbulent current of events. Those who think that the war provides an atmosphere in which they may push forward every scheme of State Socialism, so as to hand over the nation at the close of the war bound hand and foot to a well-established bureaucracy, are engaged in a dangerous experiment, and will, we think, be subject to a rude awakening.

#### A POLICY FOR LIBERALS.

*[The following is the substance of Lord Buckmaster's recent address on the League of Nations delivered in the National Liberal Club].*

In days that now seem far away the scheme for establishing a League of Nations was regarded as an unattainable vision, but events have moved quickly in the last three years, and reasonable men all over the world have begun to feel that, by its realisation, there would be afforded a true protection against the recurrence of the horrors and miseries that haunt and darken the world. It has become more than a mere hope to be worked for; it is a practical aim to be achieved, and without its accomplishment the war will have been waged in vain.

Those of us who are compelled by one reason or another to remain in civil life during this struggle, have cast upon us the heavy responsibility of sending our young men to face dangers and suffering which we cannot share; and to contemplate with complacency the long-drawn continuation of war without attempting to devise means by which it may quickly be ended, never to recur, is to fail in our first duty to those who are guarding our Empire on land and sea.

If a League of Nations be established, its constitution must form one of the terms of peace and it must embrace three distinct conditions.

It must provide for mutual disarmament upon a fixed and agreed basis;

It must include on terms of equality every one of the belligerent Powers and all Neutral Nations who are willing to join;

And it must make provision, by the use of every means of economic exclusion and united action, that its principles shall be respected and obeyed.

If this were accepted, then Prussian militarism would be destroyed, and one of the main purposes for which we entered the war would be accomplished. The formation of the League ought, therefore, to be announced without delay as one of our main objectives—one which is constant and unalterable and independent of the fluctuation of the tide of battle in any theatre of war.

I desire to lay before you the reasons why such a League should be established and why it should embrace the objects I have defined.

If it be desired to prevent the recurrence of the present catastrophe, it is essential to try and trace the causes from which it sprang. The history of the past thirty years shows us groups of nations gathered together—united by common dread and distrust of others—and seeking to maintain a balance against another group of nations animated with the same feeling. All diplomatic correspondence has been carried on under conditions of absolute secrecy, with every jealousy and misunderstanding carefully concealed from those with regard to whose conduct they were entertained, until the whole of Europe became one vast armed camp living under gathering clouds of suspicion and ill-will, and it needed but a squalid murder in an unknown town to shake the equipoise and wake the storm.

A League of Nations ought to provide something in the nature of a clearing house for foreign diplomacy, so that feelings of resentment and distrust could be properly and publicly expressed and their causes removed. Whether, if the objects were achieved, it would afford the absolute security all wish, Time alone can show us; but, at any rate, it is either that or we return once more to the old evil conditions in which we lived as in a nightmare, only to waken and find the reality more terrible than the dream.

That the establishment of the League must be one of the conditions of peace is, I think, obvious. The old civilization of Europe is molten in the furnace of the war. It is possible, before it once more hardens into its old shape, to impress upon it the seal of a new idea; but this can never be done once the opportunity has passed by. If common agreement is ever reached—it is only by common agreement that the League can be maintained—that agreement must be found when the terms are settled which end the war, and the fulfilment of these terms the League must guarantee.







Few will question this necessity. It is the inclusion of Germany in the League which gives rise to uneasiness and resentment, which it is easy to understand. But if she be excluded, we have nothing left but an openly offensive League against the Central Empires.

It may be suggested that in this is to be found the true solution; because, above all things, it is essential that this scheme should be subject to discussion and criticism. Let me explain to what such a proposal leads. When the war ends, the youth of Germany between the ages of one and eighteen will be practically unaffected by the waste and carnage of the war. This means that in twenty years' time the war will have had no effect upon the man-power of the Central Empires, and, as far as mere strength of manhood is concerned, Germany will be nearly as strong as if the war had not been waged. Further, owing to the fact that for some years past her rate of growth has been greater than that of any European State except Russia, these numbers will place her—measured only in terms of men and youths—in a stronger position than the neighbor-States. Let the war end how it please, we cannot conquer the qualities that have made Germany powerful. Her patience, her industry, her thrift, her great gift of industrial and educational organization, will still remain. They will be intensified under the stimulus and sting of defeat, and will be once more concentrated on the old evil aims that it is our purpose to destroy. If the new generation are to be trained in the doctrines of hate and conquest, if they are to be brought up with the idea instilled into them from their earliest infancy that they must spend themselves to redeem the disgrace and defeat which they have suffered, this struggle will only be postponed, to be renewed once again in even more deadly and terrible earnest.

Reduction of armaments must take place, or the League would simply become the custodians of a powder magazine. The extent and character of this disarmament I will not now discuss. Each nation must have sufficient armed force to keep order at home and to join with the others in preserving peace abroad. But it is in the weapon of economic exclusion rather than that of naval or military strength that the League will find its most effectual means of guaranteeing the peace and enforcing the conditions of obedience. I believe this weapon to be one of the most powerful that modern civilization can forge, and it can be made operative only if all nations start on a relative condition of economic equality—of course, independent of any law by which each country chooses to bind itself. I wish particularly to make this plain: that the League does not depend on a system of universal Free Trade. I am—and I do not hesitate to state it—a confirmed and impenitent Free Trader. The events of the last few years, which have caused some people to hesitate and waver in their allegiance, have only strengthened and confirmed my faith; but this is not the time to argue that question: the only conditions that are essential in connection with the League is that whatever tariff restrictions are imposed by any country on its foreign trade, they should be the same and equal to every nation. If this were done, the full effect of sudden and complete exclusion of any nation breaking the conditions from all commercial intercourse with the other Powers, would have the most far-reaching effect. If, when war began, Germany had been instantly shut off from every form of trade with outside nations, it could not have long continued. Even now, at this late hour, if it were possible to establish such a blockade, the end would be in sight.

This is but a rough sketch of the whole scheme. The difficulty in securing its adoption will lie in persuading the rulers and Governments of the different nations to accept its terms. But, if only we could get past the rulers to the people themselves—the dumb, bound people of Europe—I feel satisfied that this League would be at once established by their spontaneous action, and would be made permanent by their united will.

I have urged this scheme on the ground that it will make peace secure. I do not hesitate to urge it also because I believe its acceptance will bring peace nearer. Peace is frequently mentioned in the Press and by

public speakers as though it were something leprous and unclean which no one should touch, and I have seen it constantly stated that peace must not come too soon. Whatever may be the meaning of this phrase, its effect is most injurious. A peace that fails to secure the objects for which we entered the fight—the complete and integral restoration of Belgium, the evacuation of France, and the adjustment of territorial boundaries on a footing that gives security to all peoples and just expression to national tradition and to national hope—must always come too soon. It is better to be a member of a ruined than of a recreant nation. But the peace that secures those objects cannot come too quickly. To quote the words of Mr. Asquith: "The supreme need of mankind at this hour is peace."

I often hear, and with resentment, the exhortation made to us at home to bear with cheerfulness the discomforts caused by the war, as though a desire to end our trivial physical inconveniences was the cause of the anxiety of men for peace. Let the discomfort become privation, let the privation deepen into want, we can cheerfully and easily bear it if only the want be shared equally according to equal rights of equal citizenship, and not according to some fancied differences of wealth and rank. Let the illimitable expanse of public expenditure widen beyond all economic limits and break to fragments the whole system of finance. That system has not been so productive of virtue, justice, and happiness in the past that at this moment we need mourn its loss. Let the dangers of disturbance foretold by Sir Edward Carson be realized—and their realization will come more quickly if unreasonable attempts be made to suppress the utterance of honest views—the good sense of the people of this country can be trusted to limit and control the confusion.

No! It is neither famine nor bankruptcy, nor is it revolution that trouble my eyes when I look on the stormy and red horizon of the world. I have another vision, and one more sad: I see the long and ever lengthening procession of gallant youths, whose happy laughter will gladden our homes no more. I see the women, who through long years of widowed loneliness will dream in vain of the beat of unreturning feet. I see men with the pride and glory of their youth broken and discrowned; and that other sight—even yet more pitiable—of those to whom though

"Seasons return, yet not to them returns  
Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,  
Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,  
Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine,"

and I protest against the theory that peace is some savage deity from whose blood-stained altars ascends the cry for further and ever further sacrifice. Peace, a just, honorable, and enduring peace cannot come too soon.

BUCKMASTER

## A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE Regulation on pamphlets is virtually killed, but the outrage of it has struck deeper than any act of repression since the war began. It cannot be carried out. The action of the Labor Party has decided that point, and against its obvious resolve to resist, no British Government—least of all, the more and more unpopular Junta—could stand in such a time as this. There would be an outburst of unlicensed printing, and the small trouble which this infatuated proposal was to cure would rapidly grow into a great one. This, the Northcliffe Press, to whose pipe the Prime Minister dances, now sees, and having caused all the trouble, leaves him to find a way out as best he can. But the responsibility is his. There is no chance for him to suggest his accustomed defence—that the thing was done while he was looking another way. Sir George Cave has made no secret of the fact that the decision to put the thought

of the country in chains was a Cabinet one, and no mere departmental order.

BUT though the Regulation is dead, or will be refined down to nothing, it is a capital event in politics. For once Parliamentary Liberalism has been stirred, in late and timid concert with a much deeper emotion outside. But I am not at all sure that the movement, and the still tardier sympathy of the Front Bench, have not come too late. For it was to the Labor Party that men turned, as their shield from this oppression, and Mr. Henderson's response, and the knowledge of the forces behind him, have created a new centre of appeal and intellectual and moral attraction. It is curious to see how widely this sentiment prevails. An old and distinguished Conservative said to me the other day, "I shall join the Labor Party. They are the only hope!"

THE truth is that the unrest in the world, the black shadows of war, hunger, and anarchy which overhang it, the utter distrust of the men who now guide our destiny, the violence and instability of the course they steer, and the fear that the country may be driven to its ruin by them, are profoundly affecting men's outlook on affairs. The discontent is great. "Lloyd George has betrayed us; but the Front Bench paralyzes us," say many stalwarts of Liberalism. They want to feel the ground beneath their feet, and a heaven above them, and stars to steer by. The first gleam has come through Lord Hugh Cecil's magnificent speech, and Lord Lansdowne's letter, the most conspicuous act of honest, able, straight-thinking patriotism and good sense since the war began. But now that the light is kindled, men will not consent to go back to the darkness. Leadership will come; but I am bound to say that though there is still wide regret over the fall of the Liberal Government, and a feeling that the first Coalition did far better than the second, it is not to the existing Liberal Party that the younger and finer spirits look for the Risorgimento of British democracy. On the contrary, they are beginning to flock to the banners of Labor. And if these are flung wide enough by next spring, they will float over a mighty Army.

Now see how the Government's act of self-insurance against criticism works. Our Tchinovniks are already taking steps to stop criticism not of the war, but of the Regulation, which is treated as a kind of Thing-in-itself, a Truth absolute and unchallengeable. As soon as Sir George Cave announced the Regulation, the Women's International League issued a leaflet, quoting his answer to Mr. Butcher in the House of Commons, and adding a question by Mr. Lees Smith, with the comment that the Government, while using public money for their own propaganda, proposed to take power to stop criticism of their conduct of the war or discussion of the time and manner of the peace. That was all. The leaflet contained no debate on the war or the peace. But when it was sent to the Censor's office, Sir Frank Swettenham, late of the Straits Settlements, sent Mrs. Swanwick, the Secretary, the following reply:—

"DEAR MADAM,—In reply to your letter of yesterday with enclosure, in our opinion the leaflet does relate to the war and if you wish to continue to circulate it, you should submit three copies to this Office, when it will be dealt with. Pending submission we may say that the statement 'this means that the Government proposes to take power to suppress before publication any leaflet criticising its conduct of the war or discussing the time or manner of peace,' does not appear to be founded on fact."

The Secretary aptly rejoined as follows:—

"DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of the 24th, I beg to enclose three copies of the leaflet issued by us on the 19th, since you are of opinion that it does come within the new regulation. We should be glad, indeed, if the statement 'This means that the Government proposes to take power to suppress before publication any leaflet criticising its conduct of the war or discussing the time or manner of peace,' was, as you say, 'not founded on fact.' Whether or no the Govern-

ment uses that power remains to be seen; that it does, in fact, take the power seems to us undeniable."

Of course it is. But the point of application is that, as I have said, the Censor claims the right to have a criticism on himself submitted to himself before it passes on to the public, and, therefore, of course, to suppress or mutilate it if he has the mind. Was ever such audacity?

VALUES change with the passing hour. I see Sir Starr Jameson hailed in the "Times," with General Botha, as "the chief pioneer of race reconciliation" in South Africa. I suppose the "Times" is right to stand up for its old co-conspirator of the Raid, but the man who tore two races asunder, and lived to cobble a bit of the rent he had made, is a queer kind of "reconciler." "Dr. Jim" was personally a kind and even lovable man, a pleasant cynic, as Rhodes, his master, was an unpleasant one to all but a circle of intimates. Jameson allowed himself to be victimized, and took like a man the little punishment he got and others deserved to share with him. But he nearly ruined us; and the country lay under the load of hate and suspicion which the Raid and the South African War piled up against her in Europe until Campbell-Bannerman restored liberty to South Africa. There was an act of "reconciliation" if you like. But I do not expect to see it commemorated in the "Times."

THE ascent of The Family is so rapid that its future must already be giving some concern to the Masters of Ceremonies who, in the ordinary course of their duties, may have to make further provision for it. I am told that if you are a Peer (I do not myself belong to the Order), all earthly objects become obscure in comparison with the absorbing passion to get on a step farther up in the Peerage, so as to be able to look down on more Peers in the inferior ranks. Lord N— being a man of rapid mind, and boundless capacity to get what he wants, may therefore be expected to go through the respective degrees of Earl, Marquis, and Duke, which remain open to him, with unprecedented celerity. What will be done with him then? There is the monarchy, of course, but in this shaky world of ours Kings are perishable articles, and in any case it might be as well for Mr. George to graduate the slope to the highest, if only so as to make the ascent a little more interesting to the traveller. The only thing that occurs to me is an idea borrowed from the life of the immortal Gulliver, who in return for warlike services rendered to the Empire of Lilliput, received the august title of Nardac, the highest in the land. Why not create an Order of Nardacs, ranking one above Dukes, and initiate it with Lord N—'s shining name? Some such device would have the double merit of enabling Mr. George, as a democrat, to take Our Old Nobility down a peg, and of diverting Lord N—'s mind from the too exclusive pursuit of politics.

So Lord Rothermere is to be Air Minister (the hot air department remaining in Lord Northcliffe's hands.) I suppose he is a capable man. The "Daily Mail," which is one of his "creations," assures us that he is. But one has an uneasy sense that these appointments are, in the main, rewards for journalistic support, or pleas against its withdrawal. The other day, one of these newspaper groups took some leagues of space to announce a coming article on the Prime Minister in a form which suggested an attack. I glanced at the article; it was mostly fulsome eulogy under a thin skin of criticism. Another such advertisement and article followed, and the author's illustrious name and face, like his predecessor's, were given to an impatient world. Both were unknown to me, and their articles seemed sorry stuff enough. Any intelligent undergraduate, with a few weeks' polish from the Harmsworth lathe, could have written them. But such manoeuvres, while they give a poor enough view of this kind of journalism, suggest that it has a power far beyond its merits. The country is slipping into queer hands.

A WAYFARER.







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## Life and Letters.

### BAPAUME.

On a burning July noon of 1915 three of us stood over-looking, for the first time, the valley of the Ancre and the Somme country. British troops were "taking over" below. The sinuous trenches, French and German, were in plain view athwart the hills, but there was not a movement, not a sound, not a puff of smoke. After "the salient" this was light-hearted holiday; for we did not know what was in the future. We did not know the expulsion of the invader would begin from those silent slopes before us. Place names that are now as full of awful meaning to those who know them as the names of stars to children then meant nothing. Those two rounded chalk downs must be—what is it?—Beaumont Hamel and St. Pierre Divion. Beautiful country; no gunning; and look at those delightful woods! To the right we could see Albert, very quiet, with the gilt image of the Virgin strangely poised over a shattered tower.

Ah, that city of Albert by the Somme! Since we saw it that day, what multitudes of our boys have watched that ruined tower loom ahead on the road, have tramped by it, glancing silently up at the appealing Madonna holding her infant over their heads, and have returned no more. I saw them pass; and pass yet, most of a year after, an endless stream of youth, still glancing up at that symbol, unaware that Fate, for the ancient evils of Europe, had doomed them to travail and sacrifice on those hills beyond Albert, to bring their fellows to a sense of guilt, to save the future life of their kind.

For the God-State was overthrown on the Somme, and the chance given us of a better world, whatever the secret worshippers of Dagon in England may suppose. That we are outside Cambrai now is because once we took the Pozières Ridge and Beaumont Hamel, and then Loupart Wood by Bapaume. I have seen men smile bitterly at the old road-marks by the wayside to death: "Bapaume, twenty kilometres." Bapaume might as well have been in another planet then. Yet, if we could get it, the Somme was won; and more also, for that city would be the sign that, soon or late, the enemy would be forced out of France. But the Pozières Ridge was still to go; and then the Ancre Valley, Serre, Gommecourt, Loupart . . . It looked impossible. It was impossible. But like the German war-lords when they established their armies on the heights of the Somme, with admirable precision, believing, beyond doubt, they would be there at the end of the war, we did not know the enduring quality of British youth. Eight months of it! Men in hundreds of thousands, and guns which shook the earth. It daunted those who watched that life going to the inferno in endless streams, who saw and heard at night the flames and shocks of its unremitting fury.

There seemed no end to it. When all the melodrama had gone out of it for the public, when the interest in tanks and heroism had diminished in the halfpenny illustrated papers, any day last February by Pozières you might hear the erratic and continuous hammering pause in the Somme foundry; stop as by a signal unknown; then, on the instant, burst concerted into the terrible volume of surging and multitudinous kettle-drums. If the sky opened and let down on the guilty the pent wrath of the Gods, that would be the sign of their transcendent condemnation. Its elemental and unanswerable urgency would thunder round the horizon; return in waves to beat overhead a furious rataplan; and through it all broke the convulsive shocks of the greater and deeper concussions. It had but one meaning: Get out!

But Fritz would not go. Even when the end was near, we who were there but dimly understood. Before fifty miles of German front would break, the Ancre Valley had to be pierced. The home folk will never know what those nameless little actions of last winter meant to our men on the hills of the Ancre about Mirau-

mont . . . making their way to Cambrai, as now we see. The ground was like iron; every crater had its floor of ice; every shell shattered marl which flew like masonry.

On Sunday, February 24th, a week after an important German buttress, The Mount, had fallen on the Ancre, we heard the first rumor, hardly credible, that the Germans were going. Had that last stroke broken more than we knew? I met nobody on the ground then who confidently believed that now was coming the consummation of the longest and most terrible battle in history. A few days later I was in recent No-Man's-Land and the German trenches. It was a vision of final overthrow, where the multitude of German dead lay waiting for the Day of Judgment. There they were, in individual forlorn abandonment, in mounds of bodies horribly intermingled, the very tumbled earth a loathsome compost of clay, flesh, iron shards, and rags. For the first time we saw the worst work of the guns. Here it was. The earth was heaped in steep waves of brown filth, a morass where one could be easily engulfed, the numberless hollows half-full of water, the color of serum blood through the stain of explosives. Prone figures, to the limit of vision, were melting everywhere into the aqueous muck. Just before le Barque, glittering in the afternoon sun of a day that was bright, but bleak and alien as the light of a world not ours, was a line of irregular connective pools, the color of life's drainage, lying beneath a raw and deep embankment. The trunks of great trees were upheaved across that hollow, grey and leprous in a wrecked world that was corrupt in dissolution. Nobody there was alive. All were dead. It was worse—for this we saw—than anything imagined by Dante.

But over us still, in a place new and green, was Loupart Wood, where the machine guns were, and the British artillery was making a leaping surge of smoke and lightnings. That high ridge and its wood frowned down on hope, and made it false. Bapaume was beyond that hill; we saw a road going into it; but the city was still invisible and remote.

A few days later, just about sunset, we crossed the old Somme line by la Boisselle. We had heard our men had got into Bapaume. We were on our way to see. Bapaume fallen! Had you been in Belgium and France in the early months of the war, getting out of villages at one end when the Uhlans were riding in at the other. If you had heard "Tipperary" sung by our men when they entered France. If you had known the Somme Front before the great battle was planned. If you had seen something of that appalling conflict itself, and had memories of men, met and laughed with in dug-outs and at company mess tables all over Flanders and Artois, men now lost in this general ruin around, you would have felt as three of us did entering that wide desolation beyond Fricourt at sundown, on the day Bapaume had fallen. The whitish chalk-rubble of the old mine craters and trenches glimmered phosphorescently in the twilight. We were alone with an army of ghosts. Gun-flashes, like summer lightning, played on the northern horizon ten miles away; Bapaume was there.

The sky was translucent and as hard as amethyst, and the sun left clouds like iron girders across the west. The Somme battleground, at last, was curiously still and quiet. We did not know it then; but this Saturday, March 17th, 1917, was the last of the battles of the Somme. More than Bapaume was won. But we did not know it then. There was but a faint apprehension that perhaps this was the turning of the tide. Day went, and the wilderness to the east fell into an abyss of night, with the raised rim of the black profound just seen along the faint sky. Little lights floated precarious and lonely in that void. By the windmill on the ridge of Pozières—no windmill is there—the pools in that dark, shell-tumbled ground glimmered coldly with some reflected afterglow; or they could have been perforations in the earth through which came the pallor of nether empty space. Wrecked trees stood unreal, gnome-like, impossible semblances so blurred that one's first glance refused to believe them. Something was whining and complaining. I think it was a fragment of bough

swinging by a shred of skin. The ragged silhouette of a ruin was uplifted beside us. The form of a careened and abandoned Tank loomed near the skeleton trees. There was no wind, and no sound but that whining. This place was Limbo itself, the end of the earth, forgotten by time and men, sinking beneath a gathering darkness that was more than night, for it showed no hope of any more dawns.

I stumbled over the legs of a dead horse. I noticed in the gloom, as if for the first time, the little white crosses of the Somme. They are hardly noticeable by day, but then they were insistent with a delicate radiance of their own. Some living men went by us, moved to whistle a gay air by no delicate illumination from any cross; though all I could see of them, as they passed, was the familiar shape of the steel helmet. We smelt that smell which will always recall that great battle to some of us—wood smoke mingling with the sickly odor of smouldering bully beef tins.

We heard far halloas, distant gun bursts, and blithe whistling. In the north, now day was entirely gone, we saw low down over the wilderness ahead a film of rose in the sky; a distant fire, and a great one. One tiny isolated cloud was shaped by it, a fragment betrayed of our invisible ceiling. Soon our path curved, and brought that area of flushed sky over it, and what had been a clattering ahead of us, a jangling of chains, wheels bumping, and a stamping of hooves, became odd inky shapes of mules' heads, waggon tops, and the lively helmets and shoulders of men riding absurdly high on darkness.

Those fires increased in number and in lustre. From its position we thought the greatest was Achiet-le-Grand in flames. We counted the show of twelve of these eastern and northern villages burning. The further we went the more we felt we were walking straight to the lambent opening of Avernus. Once the whole eastern night leaped away from the sudden effulgency of an explosion.

Already fatigued, we reached the village of Le Sars, one of the most shocking heaps of muck in that spacious country of muck and ruin. Le Sars was invisible to us then—there was that benefit about it—except as a vaguely apprehended mass through the only path in which we were lifting our feet—one foot after the other with care and deliberation—out of worse than mud. And by then I did not believe it possible to get to Bapaume. It was six miles away; and the machine guns seemed, as they do usually, much nearer than they are in official *communiqués*. "Well," said the Major, doubtfully (he was our guide), "I think there is a battalion headquarters at Cut Throat Corner. Let's push on to that, and ask again."

Outside Le Sars we got our bearing from Loupart Wood. The wood appeared startlingly close. Every tree in that wood, distant and uplifted high in night, showed spectral and baseless against a florid and burnished background, and sometimes appeared to leap as the glow behind it pulsed. Sometimes we were almost sure we were on a path; more often we were merely free to hope we were. Presently the Major ahead shouted that the road had gone. We found it had. A mine, blown by the Germans in their retreat, had left a crater that, to our tiny search-lights, was a limitless abyss. With care, we got round the margin of it, disengaging our feet from barbed wire between whiles, found the path again, and continued. The nervous brightness of the star-lights now gave us a greenish fluctuating noon. It showed we were in what had been the enemy's back area but recently. The trees were strangely perfect. The road was ominously good, except for the mine craters. We were alone there. We met no more of our fellows. The crepitation of the machine guns was shattering to the mind; and whether they were ours or theirs could be only guessed at. No doubt the noise came from both.

By the roadside a star shell suddenly presented us with a signpost: "Bapaume, 2 kilometres."

So near as that! But its nearness, with those wild lights and the implacable and menacing sounds, and our fatigue, gave it an indefinable sense of unapproach-

ability. While we stood for a few seconds debating, a cluster of high explosives burst on our road, a few hundred yards ahead of us.

The Major led on. The shells seemed to settle it for him. Shrapnel also began to flash over the road, though still ahead of us, and I hate shrapnel and the crash it makes more than anything. We still continued to tramp and stumble, too tired to care what happened, anyway. This brought us to a mule of a transport cart, its head caught in a tangle of telegraph wires and branches brought down by the "crumps." The last had fairly got the road. The mule, the wires, and the littered road gave us something to do for ten minutes, and so I forgot the hateful lights, the glowing fires and green star shells, and that tearing rush through the air of streams of machine gun lead, which sounded as if the atmosphere were a harsh fabric being hideously ripped. We should never get to Bapaume. I had already surrendered that idea.

Those green stars, soaring to regard what was around them, expanding, poisoning, and then fading, without intermission, and sometimes in constellations, gave us a spectral day, inconstant and bewildering; and black in that light towards us, over a rise in the road and down an avenue of ghostly poplars came a transport cart galloping for its life. We stood aside to let it pass. I would have given much to ask the driver the reason of this hurry. But there was no time. There was only a clattering roar and he was gone. What did he know? The crimson and lustrous sky, the leaping green stars, and the loud and frantic hammering of the machine guns seemed to be all round us now. We arrived at a barricade of trees on the road, puzzled it out, worked round it, came to where the road turned abruptly, ran through a barrage of machine gun lead—that was why the cart was galloping—and then another obliging glare showed the end of our journey.

Here was Bapaume. We were already in the midst of it. A yellow rectangle in a sombre and shapeless lump showed a window of what once must have been the railway station.

But that street of dark houses before us was vacant, uninviting, sinister; and the hail of lead ripping overhead might have been coming, so loud it was, from a barricade at the other end of that street. There was no telling anything, except that this was Bapaume, and the British certainly were there. I am fair to moderately brave when the wind is in a conducive quarter; but at that moment I was not certain which way it would blow. Yet, again, one may say nothing at such moments. It is for the leader to speak. He spoke. The Major had stopped, and turned round. He cleared his throat.

"This is Bapaume," he said. "This is a great night. We're here. The boys have done it. But it is enough for me. If you are not satisfied, say so."

We showed no hesitation worth remarking; and stood there for some minutes watching the pulsing of those strange illuminations. The shapes of trees and houses about us—for we had never seen this place before, but had only heard its name so very often—alternately formed and vanished. This was only apparition, the improbable of nightmares, the place where the fevered groan when they sleep. The roof of night was unstable. It would suddenly eclipse; and then it would leap saliently to sight, virid, with phantom shapes of ebony beneath it, and dissolve again. Or the increasing flames of a distant village took little cirrus clouds high in the meridian and made them molten.

At the beginning of the war we should have felt this awful spectacle was the end of all; final overthrow imminent. But then we did not feel that. On such a night we were long past receiving any such profound impression. We had seen too much, endured too much. Bapaume at last; and all that it meant! Wherever the Germans were, if only at that street end, they were beaten, and they knew it. Here where we were the enemy had told us we should never be. But they were in retreat. The very heavens reflected their red and baffled anger. They were going. The contemptible little army had won.

H. M. T.



## THE PAST AGE.

THAT the past is gone is the hardest of platitudes to believe. We know so much about it; we are so thickly surrounded by its relics, so intimate with them, that we can fix their age and tell what kind of people produced them, how they spoke and dressed and lived. We are on speaking terms with the dead, and have absorbed their life with our own as truly as though they were our parents. Somewhere in the dark backward of time we habitually imagine them still to be living on in their habit as they lived. If historians really believed them dead and done with, surely they would not be at such pains to introduce them to us afresh, with notes upon their achievements and characters such as a prudent hostess sometimes murmurs to her guests as they assemble. Least of all can we imagine that an age in which we have ourselves lived and moved is lost for ever and exists nowhere any more. It is no question of immortality or continued spiritual existence in other spheres; it is the age we knew, and the people as we knew them that we unreasonably think of as persisting still. Reasonably, we know that all has vanished: but a trick of memory, or a trick of affection, or the passionate idolatry always at work upon beautifying the past, holds us beguiled. In Lord Morley's beautiful epilogue to his "Recollections," he quotes from the Talmud: "Life is the shadow of a bird in flight. Away flyeth the bird, and there is neither bird nor shadow." Yes, we know; but it is the hardest of platitudes to believe.

Lord Morley's review of his age makes it only the harder. Like ungrateful children, many have regarded that age with contempt and ridicule. From the superior height of the present bloody chaos they have sneered at its self-complacency and derided its hopes. They have extolled the State servitude which has superseded its claim to personal freedom, and furthered the persecution which has supplanted its tolerance. They have condemned its compassion as sentimentalism, have pointed to its frustrated belief in peace as a misreading of human nature, and have exposed its appeal to reason as rejected by the common passions and desires of mankind.

Let us not be too quick in assenting to this popular condemnation. Lord Morley describes those years as, on the whole, a happy generation, and happiness, we suppose, counts for something. He chooses the years 1860-1890, but we may take all the second half of last century, though, in fact, Lord Morley's own greatest achievement—his Indian reforms—came later still. We are aware that the age did not consider itself particularly happy at the time. We do not need Matthew Arnold's lightning shafts of satire or Carlyle's thunderous denunciations to reveal its failings and underlying misery. Yet even in Carlyle we perceive the glimmer of hope which makes for happiness. There is that letter of his (quoted in the "Recollections") in which he tries to recall Emerson from "soaring away after Ideas, Beliefs, Revelations, and such like perilous altitudes" to the fact of this present Universe, "in which alone, ugly as it is, can I find any anchorage":—

"Surely," he continues, "I could wish to see you return into your own poor nineteenth century, its follies and maladies, its blind or half-blind but gigantic toilings, its laughter and its tears, and trying to evolve in some measure the hidden Godlike that lies in it."

Lord Morley himself calls the generation happy "by reason of, or in spite of, its perpetual polemics." Certainly it was no age of intellectual lethargy or swinish contentment. But, on the whole, the polemics of its intellect were devoted to the gigantic toil of trying to evolve in some measure the hidden godlike which lay in it. It was by reason of those perpetual polemics that we account the generation happy, for they were directed to that noblest of war-aims—the attempt to evolve the hidden godlike in the actual men and women of their time. We admit that many of that age were inclined to identify the hidden godlike with certain qualities such as toleration, compassion, and a hopeful belief in reason, progress, and freedom—qualities which have now fallen into deepest disrepute. Yet even now they are not regarded as disreputable by all.

For ourselves, the memory of the great spirits engaged in those polemics, and our reverence for the cause they maintained, cast a glamor over that half-century which illuminates beyond the brightness of any in our nation's history. In literature, the Elizabethan age surpassed it. In the first half of the century, Wordsworth, Byron, and Dickens renewed the country's life. But for a general force of intellect and character, applied to the noblest aims, and converging upon its object by the most diverse paths, we believe the era covered by Lord Morley's "Recollections" to have been unequalled in England and only exceeded by the great period of Athens, which lasted hardly longer. If we consider only the first book of the "Recollections," leaving the strictly political or Parliamentary life entirely out of account, we may recall what is implied in such-mentioned names as Darwin, Huxley, Spencer, Mill, Dickens, George Eliot, George Meredith, Carlyle, Ruskin, Tennyson, Matthew Arnold, Browning, and Swinburne—to say nothing of Leslie Stephen, Charles Reade, Mrs. Gaskell, or Thomas Hardy, greatest of survivors. What a variety of genius! How far-reaching an influence upon the whole domain of thought! What insight into nature, and what a resurrection of beauty! What untainted love of truth and devotion to reason wherever she may lead! What sympathy, what passion for mankind! How high the value set upon the individual soul! In recalling such names, we are inevitably reminded of Goethe's solemn hymn of past spirits:—"They call us from yonder, The voice of the Spirits, The voice of the Masters: Delay not to practise The might of all virtue. Here crowns are being woven In silence eternal, Reward above measure For struggle persistent; Wir heissen Euch hoffen." So upon the word of hope, the poem ends.

It is true that, in extolling the age, we have considered rather the spirits which shattered it than the average spirit of the age itself. We know from their satires and denunciations that the age itself was peculiarly a time of "Philistinism," of gross delight in material prosperity, of oppression and suspicion towards workpeople, of sentimental art, vulgar disregard of women, and blind cleaving to untenable beliefs. But, perhaps, every age comes in the end to be judged by its rebels—by those who have persistently struggled, and sometimes even with success, against the Idols of the Law Courts, the Idols of the Press, of the Counting-house, the Drawing-room, the Conventicle, or the Convocation. Those are the people who are remembered, just as, in Italian history, Garibaldi, Mazzini, and Cavour are known, much as they differed, while the very names of the Kings and potentates with whom they strove are comfortably forgotten. So, in estimating that half-century, we need not investigate too curiously the dull, resisting mind of habitual beliefs and accepted customs, always obstinately detesting change. We are concerned rather with those eager spirits who, dealing impact after impact upon its sluggish satisfaction, stirred and irritated and aroused its torpor. Matthew Arnold was only one among the finest of them, yet what Lord Morley quotes Swinburne as saying of Matthew Arnold may stand for the general character of the age:—

"He has striven to purge his countrymen of the pestilence of provincial thought and traditions, of blind theory and brute opinion, of all that hereditary policy of prejudice which substitutes self-esteem for self-culture, self-worship for self-knowledge; which clogs and encrusts all powers and all motions of the mind with a hard husk of mechanical conceit. And here, heaven knows! in his dumb way the Briton stands ahead of all men. In the stone walls and iron girders of this faith our champion has done what a man may to make a breach."

Or, as characteristic of that age from another point of view, we may quote Lord Morley's own thoughts upon hearing of Herbert Spencer's death:—

"Pondering less upon the synthetic than upon an indefatigable intellect, an iron love of truth, a pure and scrupulous conscience, a spirit of loyal and beneficent intention, a noble passion for knowledge and systematic thought, as the instruments for man's elevation."

To be sure, all is changed now, and we must roll up

the map of last century's beneficent intentions for man's elevation. As Lord Morley writes in his Introduction: "The world is travelling under formidable omens into a new era." Or, in a later passage, "the blunders and precipitancy of folly-smitten rulers have let loose a fierce hurricane of destruction and hate that have swept quietude out of the world for a long span of time to come." And not quietude only (which would not matter much), but every ideal or immediate purpose for which the chosen spirits of Lord Morley's own energetic lifetime strove with such varied weapons. It is not for nothing that Lord Morley twice quotes Bacon's unexpected saying: "The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." That saying well suited an age like the past, so fertile in noble souls, so abundant in compassion. While we stand almost overwhelmed by the stress of mankind's present torment, we can discover much of splendid value in the midst of it. We can discover much hardihood, much courage, much endurance, some comradeship between classes, and here and there the fire of noble indignation still smouldering. But the motive forces of the recent age have vanished with it—the love of truth for its own sake, the claim of personal freedom, the qualities of toleration and compassion; and we are not sure that they have left their peers. Yet somewhere, surely, they must be lurking, ready for the trumpet of their resurrection. For that they are altogether gone would be the hardest of paradoxes to believe.

## Letters to the Editor.

### THE NEW CENSORSHIP.

SIR,—It is not yet generally realized how widely the new regulation casts its net. It certainly prohibits the distribution of the following, for example: (1) Reprints of the war speeches of Mr. Asquith, Mr. Lloyd George, and General Smuts, if issued by a private publishing firm and not by the War Aims Committee; (2) Bernard Shaw's "Common Sense about the War"; (3) Prof. T. B. Wood's pamphlet on "The National Food Supply in Peace and War"; (4) the series of Oxford Tracts on the War, to which the President of the Board of Education, Prof. Gilbert Murray, Mr. J. Ellis Barker, and others have contributed; (5) the Message from the Society of Friends to Men and Women of Goodwill; (6) the publications of the League of Nations Society and of the Council for the Study of International Relations; (7) the Prayer Cards issued by the Fellowship of Reconciliation; (8) reprints, with or without comment, of the Pope's Note. All these are undoubtedly pamphlets or leaflets "relating to the present war or the making of peace," and accordingly come under the ban. Henceforth, too, it will be an offence for the Evangelical Alliance or the Free Church Council to send out an appeal, in leaflet form, for a day of intercession on account of the war without publishing the name and address of the author and securing the imprimatur of the Press Bureau.—Yours &c.,

H. W. H.

St. John's Lodge, 159, King Henry's Road, N.W. 3.  
November 27th, 1917.

### NEWMAN'S WANT OF ROBUSTNESS.

SIR,—The close of your suggestive and interesting review on Newman's letters is somewhat disappointing, for the writer attributes to him failures and limitations that were perhaps inevitable. What he would wish Newman to have been it is not easy to guess—not, let us hope, a successful pork-butcher, or an industrious manufacturer, who, for the sake of filthy lucre, fills a long-suffering world with strong-smelling motor-vehicles. Newman was the sort of man that Fichte and Emerson would have classed as a "scholar," and, as Emerson points out, one of the commonest characteristics of the genuine scholar is his apparent incapacity. Such incapacity is imposed on him by Nature, so that he may run a particular course and none other: it strikes a scholar's contemporaries forcibly, but a later generation sees things in a better perspective. For in every age there are raised up a few men, very few as a rule, who, as a result of their temperament, are constrained to be seers; their office is to examine the beliefs of those around them, and to show those around them where they are defective. Hence they are concerned mainly with truth, and not with worldly success; the nature of their calling is in itself unremunerative, though it has its prizes, and when such men pursue a profession, which they do only to live, it is really secondary, though not without a beneficent influence on the end for which they

were born. As is natural, they appear, in their apparent chase after the good things of existence, to be halting, feeble, often uncertain; after death, if the gift of expression has been granted to them adequately, they become great powers that move mankind. Their first aim is to see correctly—a laborious and unpopular process that requires time and leisure—and if the sort of life that they lead is unfavorable to robustness, they make up for it by the breadth of their sympathies and the quickness of their sensibility.

I am aware that much of this may seem to contradict the spirit of Schopenhauer's dictum (I must apologize for introducing the names of these horrid Germans) that broad shoulders and genius go together, but the contrary is so often true that one begins to wonder if Schopenhauer is really right. Perhaps a concrete instance will make my meaning plain. There was a certain individual who launched upon the world a definition of sovereignty with which students of political science have to reckon. As a man he was a failure and the despair of his friends; there was hardly anything, to which he put his hand, in which he did not come to grief. He spent his days in poor boarding-houses, solitary and unknown, a striking contrast to a brilliant brother, who, not lacking in the fibre of robustness, praised by your reviewer, piled up an immense fortune at the bar, and was the darling of every fashionable London drawing-room. And to-day, when both have passed away from earth, the memory of the brilliant brother has only been saved from the waters of Lethe by the poor writer, who did nothing more than make a permanent contribution to the thought of the world. Truly, things are not what they appear to be. But I must confess that for myself Newman, far from being surpassed by the vulgar, appears to have been a great success even in this life, although, no doubt, he had his full share of the disappointments and other sorrows that fall to the lot of all the sons of Eve.—Yours, &c.,

T. PERCY ARMSTRONG.

November 28th, 1917.

### POLITICAL OBJECTORS.

SIR,—The distinction which Lord Hugh Cecil draws between the conscience of the religious objector to the war, and that of the political objector is both mischievous and unjust.

Why should the one be treated as a citizen and the other labelled a seditious rebel? I know a good number of objectors to the present war, many in prison, whose ground of objection is mainly political.

They do not object to war in general, but to this particular war, because they hold it could have been prevented by a wiser foreign policy and it is being prolonged by the unwisdom of statesmen. As our greatest politician, Lord Morley, puts it in his "Recollections," "The blunders of precipitancy of folly-smitten rulers let loose this fierce hurricane of destruction."

One knows working men who have been political students for ten years. Some have read history in W.E.A. classes and tried to form an intelligent conviction on political questions. These men object to the war, not because of vain abstractions, but because of the Russian Alliance, the Moroccan diplomacy, the Persian Agreement, all of which, they hold, played into the hands of the Prussian idiots who were bent on aggrandizement.

Whether these objections of my friends are valid is not the point.

But men who hold these objections to the war on ground of policy should not be excluded from citizenship.

I urge this not so much for their sakes, but for the good of the State. Even those who disagree with their opinions should recognize that an intelligent grasp and a virile criticism of public policy is an asset to the State, and should not be discouraged.

Yet Lord Hugh Cecil would give a vote to the Plymouth Brother, who abjures the rights of citizenship and tabooes political affairs as an unclean thing; he would confer political privilege on the Quaker who disbelieves in force as an element in the State, and he would refuse the vote to those who have given their minds to the problems of the State and happen to arrive at a different conclusion from his own.

The politician is supposed to have nothing worth calling a conscience, while the ignorant, superstitious religionist with his individualist fad, or the extreme Quaker who has no claim upon the protection of the State, according to his own belief, is looked upon as the irrefragable oracle of the voice of the Deity.

A conscience may be out of place in Parliament, but it is exercised by some political objectors. The real meaning of the term "conscience" is a conviction based on accurate knowledge of the bearings of a particular situation.

In this sense, the political objectors are the only people whose consciences have any claim to consideration by the State.

To disregard their claim is to do violence to the meaning of citizenship and to destroy the liberty of conviction which is the foundation of a true State.—Yours, &c.,

RICHARD LEE.

Bury, Lancashire.

## GERMAN AND BRITISH MENTALITY.

SIR,—The late Mr. C. F. Keary's letter raises a question which, as I have never heard it satisfactorily answered, you will perhaps allow me to repeat in your columns. He argues that German militarism has already received a shock—even if peace were made to-morrow—which will permanently discredit it. This, we know, is also the main argument of the U.D.C. But of all those who employ that argument now, is there a single one who publicly showed himself aware, before this war, of real German mentality? Did any of these writers or speakers anticipate the deliberate and pedantic cruelty to the neutral world? Further still, which of them refrained from casting stones at those who prophesied, even in cautious language, the facts which we now see? The point of these questions is not recriminatory. I willingly admit that many of these were and are, in themselves, better men than many of us who foresaw. But the whole of Mr. Keary's argument is based upon assumptions of psychology which are now mainly, if not exclusively, current among the very men whose psychology was most at fault during the critical years preceding this war. They ask us now, as then, to judge the German exactly or nearly as we should judge the Englishman. Britons would have been disillusioned by this time; therefore, the German must be disillusioned! It does not even occur to them to judge the tree by its obvious fruits, and to ask whether the tightening noose of slavery in Belgium, or the pressure upon the small neutrals, or the more and more deliberate recklessness with U-boats and aircraft, are signs of a waning belief in physical force.

Those who are thus blind to the present, and were thus blind in 1911 and 1913, may plead more excuse for ignoring a remoter past; but our children will count it among the ironies of history that the men most sensible to militarism at home should be least able to conceive its effects abroad. We are told that British mentality will long suffer—if not permanently—for our temporary adoption of military compulsion and censorship. And the men who most insist upon this are building all their hopes, at the same time, on the theory that the mentality of Britons, after 200 years of such freedom as no German has ever enjoyed since the beginning of this world, is a safe criterion by which to judge present German mentality. Voltaire, Bernardin de St. Pierre, and Burke all instanced Prussia as a land of slavery—"worse than Turkey," wrote the first two. The one great effort of German Liberalism, in 1848, failed not only completely, but ludicrously. Since then, autocracy has enjoyed a success almost unparalleled in history. As Mr. Wells wrote not long ago in your pages, Democracy is very seriously on its trial, and will be until this war is won. Few Britons can realize how far a German political opposition is from daring to accept the reins of government itself, even if the rulers would consent to transfer their power. The Briton, disgusted with his present Government, tries to force his way through to a wider democracy; the disgusted German, on the contrary, is too often tempted to shrink from a venture which was so disastrous in his grandfather's time, and to shelter his own political inexperience under a still more stringent autocracy. Already to Dr. John Moore, the great General's father, it was a subject of remark that the average German loved his fetters; and those who are now most insistent upon the moral harm of coercion have less right than any others to ignore the effect of secular political servitude. In arguing from British to German mentality, they are like a stockbroker who would build upon the equal value of a shilling and a mark, and who had also made a similar miscalculation before this war. We should not deal twice with such a stockbroker; why, then, should we be persuaded by this equally faulty kind of political calculation? Are not the children of this world too often wavier than the children of light?—Yours &c.,

G. G. COULTON.

Great Shelford, Cambridge.  
November 19th, 1917.

## WAR AIMS.

SIR,—With persistent casuistry you and your contributors pretend that our war aims are obscure. Permit me to make them clear in a sentence: We are fighting to compel the Kaiser to surrender unconditionally with his armies.—Yours, &c.,  
"HOME ON LEAVE FROM FRANCE."

## "THE WAYS OF WISDOM."

SIR,—In citing this poem in "The World of Books," you hesitate unnecessarily about its date and authorship. The late Mr. Bertram Dobell safely attributed it to Thomas Traherne (died, 1674). The poem was first printed, twenty-five years after Traherne's death, in an anonymous work, "A Serious and Pathetical Contemplation of the Mercies of God," edited by Dr. Hicker, the non-juror Bishop of Thetford. The book attracted no notice then or since, but Mr. W. T. Brooke, a diligent searcher in the byways of religious literature, printed "The Ways of Wisdom" in 1889, among other "unedited sacred poems" of the seventeenth century. From this anthology it passed into Dean Beeching's "Lyra Sacra" (1895),

where "H. J. M." found it still unnamed. But in 1903 Mr. Dobell published Traherne's Poetical Works, having succeeded in discovering their authorship partly through the anonymous volume of 1699. In an edition of "Lyra Sacra" in the same year, Dr. Beeching welcomed Dobell's discovery. It is not the least interesting fact of its obscure existence that this little poem, which anthologists had disinterred from a forgotten book, should have won so many friends in our generation on its own merits before it had the added interest of Traherne's name.—Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS HUTCHINSON.

Leyland, Lancs. November 17th, 1917.

## THE WOOLWICH DOCKYARD DAY NURSERY.

SIR,—We desire to bring under the notice of your readers the Day Nursery in connection with the Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, which was visited by H.M. the Queen on Friday afternoon, October 19th. The formation of the Day Nursery has become an absolute necessity.

Four thousand women are employed in the Dockyard on National Service; their husbands are fighting for their country, and the women are carrying on in a wonderful way at home. Their work is of vital interest to the nation. In return, we must care for their babies, who are equally important to England.

The Nursery is now installed in a building which has been approved by the Board of Education, and the work promises to be a great success in the hands of a most competent matron. The Nursery has received the approval of and a grant of money from the Ministry of Munitions, but £100 is the estimated cost of adapting and equipping the building after crediting the sum promised by the Ministry of Munitions.

The annual cost of maintenance of fifty children is £1,200, towards which the Ministry will contribute 7d. per day per child received. After crediting the contributions expected from the mothers, the balance to be found is estimated at about £400 per annum.

The Committee venture confidently to appeal to the public to render sufficient financial aid to start and carry on this good work. Contributions will be gratefully received by the Lady Superintendent, Royal Dockyard, Woolwich, from whom any information can be obtained.—Yours, &c.,

M. LLOYD GEORGE,  
CLEMENTINE S. CHURCHILL.

Woolwich, S.E.

## Poetry.

## CASUALTY.

THEY are bringing him down.  
He looks at me wanly.  
The bandage is brown,  
Brown with red only—  
But how deep a red!—In the breast of the shirt,  
Deepening red, too, as each whistling breath  
Is drawn with the suck of a slow filling squirt  
While waxen cheeks waste to the pallor of death.

O my comrade!  
My comrade that you could rest  
Your tired body on mine, that your head might  
be laid—  
Fallen and heavy—upon this my breast,  
That I might take your hands in my hands  
To chafe! That abandoned your body might sink  
Upon mine, which here helplessly, grievously stands;  
That your body might drink  
Warmth from my body, strength from my veins,  
Life from my heart that monstrously beats,  
Beats, beats and strains  
After you vainly!

The trench curves. They are gone.  
The steep rain teems down.

O, my companion!  
Who were you? How did you come,  
Looking so wanly upon me? I know—  
And O, how immensely long I have known—  
Those aching eyes, numb face, gradual gloom,  
That depth without groan!

Take now my love—this love which alone  
I can give you—and shed without pain—  
That life if I could I would succour,  
Ah, even as it were  
This, this my poor own!

ROBERT NICHOLS.



## The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- "Life and Letters of Stopford Brooke." By L. P. Jacks. 2 vols. (Murray. 15s. net.)  
 "The English Sonnet." By T. W. H. Crosland. (Secker. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Oxford Poetry 1914-1916 and 1917." 2 vols. (Blackwell. 3s. 6d. net and 1s. net.)  
 "The Lancashire Hollands." By Bernard Holland. (Murray. 18s. net.)  
 "An Adventure in Education." By J. H. Simpson. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 2s. 6d. net.)  
 "Basil Wilberforce." By the Rt. Hon. G. W. E. Russell. (Murray. 8s. net.)  
 "The Early Life of Robert Southey." By William Haller. (Humphrey Milford. 7s. 6d. net.)  
 "Primitive Ritual and Belief." By E. O. James. (Methuen. 5s. net.)  
 "Immortality." A Symposium. (Macmillan. 10s. 6d. net.)  
 "Marie Grubbe." Translated from the Danish of J. P. Jacobsen by Hanna Astrup Sarsen. (Humphrey Milford. 6s. 6d. net.)  
 "Six Women and the Invasion." By Gabrielle and Marguerite Yerta. (Macmillan. 6s. net.)

\* \* \*

I SUPPOSE I ought to apologise for a further excavation among ruins. Yet what can be more pleasant than to explore neglected poets in a neglected age, old fashions in new poems? So I want this week to plunge down into the very sediment of the middle seventeenth century, and squeeze in as many quotations as I can, not from the minor but the minnow poets, who have escaped the eye of the anthologist. I don't mean poets like Harington, Quarles, Bishop King, Cleveland, Fanshawe, Randolph, and their fellows, so many of them the heirs of the Donne-Ben Jonson testament of poetic faith, but fry whose dun gaudy coloring is a more veritable because extravagant reflection of the age.

\* \* \*

SOMETIMES it is only a couplet, a phrase, which, if the reader will pardon the expression, catches you on the hop. Take James Howell, for instance, the author of those bubbling "Familiar Letters," whose career from an embassy to a debtor's prison seems a microcosm of the fickleness of life. Here are the last two lines of the elegy he wrote about his tomb, erected by his wife:—

"And from rude hands preserve us both until  
We rise to Sion Mount from Herndon-Hill."

Evidently Anthony Wood was right, when he gave Howell "a parabolical and allusive fancy." Robert Wilde, again, the satirist, has this exquisite epitaph:—"For a Godly Man's Tomb":—

"Here lies a piece of Christ; a star in dust,  
A vein of gold; a china dish that must  
Be used in heaven, when God shall feast the just."

He follows it by an epitaph for a wicked man's tomb:—

"Here lies the carcase of a cursed sinner,  
Doomed to be roasted for the devil's dinner."

Take Lord Herbert of Cherbury, the coxcombical author of the Autobiography, whose "Occasional Verses," 1665, full of speculative thought as they are, are intolerably harsh and obscure, not because his intellect follows difficult and ambitious paths, but because its windings are inconsequential. Yet the third stanza of this poem, so finely combining the amorist with the metaphysical lyric of the period, achieves a superb freedom of imagination:—

"Does the sun now his light with yours renew?  
Have waves the curling of your hair?  
Did you rest one unto, the sky and air,  
The red and white and blue?  
Have you vouchsafed to flowers since your death  
That sweetest breath?"

Henry Glapthorne, again, the author of that wondrous dullardly "Argalus and Parthenia," 1639, of whose "Wit in a Constable," 1640, Pepys truly remarked, "but so silly a play I never saw, I think, in my life," has a glorious song from a farrago of witless stuff he called "Poems" (1639):—

"Unclose those eye-lids and outshine  
The brightness of the breaking day;  
The light they cover is divine,  
Why should it fade so soon away?"

is the opening. What dash and gallantry!

THIS little bowl of thin and transparent china is unearthed from the second edition of Simon Wastell's "Microbiblion, or the Bible's Epitome, in Verse, digested according to the Alphabet, that the Scriptures we read may more happily be remembered, and things forgotten more easily recalled," 1629. The rest of Wastell's verse is most happily forgotten, and never to be recalled:—

"Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun,  
Or like the bird that's here to-day,  
Or like the pearled dew of May,  
Or like an hour or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan—  
E'en such is man; who lives by breath,  
How here, now there, in life and death;  
The grass withers, the tale is ended;  
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;  
The hour is short, the span is long;  
The swan's near death; man's life is done."

The same poem is ascribed to Bishop Henry King, the author of one of the most beautiful poems in the language, and there is a parody of it in "Wit Restored." Here is a stanza of a jovial drinking song by Alexander Brome, the swashbuckling political verse pamphleteer:—

"I have been in love and in debt and in drink,  
This many and many a year!  
And those are three plagues enough, any should think,  
For one poor mortal to bear!"

'Twas love made me fall into drink;  
And drink made me run into debt;  
And though I have struggled and struggled, and strove,  
I cannot get out of them yet."

This is a pretty good thing of that oddity Edward Benlowes, patron of the Muses, none of the copies of whose poetic volume "Theophila" was printed alike. He belongs to that race of secondary metaphysical poets, who, striving to contract worlds into a line, were apt to contract words into a stutter:

### "SOUL'S OFFERING."

"Had I, oh, had I many lives as years;  
As many loves as love hath fears:  
All, all were thine, had I as many hearts as hairs!  
Then whet thy blunt scythe, Time, and wing thy feet;  
Life not in length, but use is sweet:  
Come, death (the body brought abed o' the soul), come fleet!  
Be pulse my passing-bell; be skin my hearer:  
Night's sable curtains that disperse  
The rays of day, be shroud: dew, weep my funeral verse."

Benlowes was evidently taken with the very individual idiom of Bishop King. "The beating of thy pulse . . . is just the tolling of thy passing bell"; "And all those weeping dewes are but the tears shed for thy funeral"—as all poets and pensioners of the poets must be.

\* \* \*

I CANNOT refrain from quoting a few lines from a poem—"To Amanda Walking in the Garden," by one Nathaniel Hookes. It speaks for itself:—

"Look how on tip-toe that fair lily stands  
To look on thee; and court thy whiter hands  
To gather it! I saw in yonder crowd  
That tulip bed of whom Dame Flora's proud,  
A short dwarf flower did enlarge its stalk  
And shoot an inch to see Amanda walk!  
Nay, look, my Fairest! Look, how fast they grow  
Into a scaffold-method Spring! as though  
Riding to Parliament, were to be seen  
In forms and state, some royal, amorous queen!  
Look how that guilty, modest Columbine  
Hangs down its head, to view those feet of thine!  
See the fond motion of the Strawberry,  
Creeping on the earth, to go along with thee!  
The lovely violet makes after too,  
Unwilling yet, my Dear, to part with you!  
The knot-grass and the daisies catch thy toes  
To kiss my Fair One's feet before she goes!"

And so on. I can imagine what the poetic purist would have to say about those excesses! Yet Milton has "Silence was pleased," a conceit which throws all reticence to the winds. Kents has sweet peas "on tiptoe for a flight"; Marvell's poem on Fairfax's Appleton House, a lovely thing, takes the most riotous anthropomorphic liberties with the fauna.

H. J. M.

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## Reviews.

## LORD MORLEY'S RECOLLECTIONS.

## II.

"Recollections." By JOHN VISCOUNT MORLEY, O.M. (Macmillan. 2 vols. 25s. net.)

LORD MORLEY'S recollections are not confessions. His book supplies no more than a faint and reflected record of these *voix intérieures* which at once direct and envisage the soul, or of the intimate passages of experience which interpret them. It is more an itinerary of the journey than a picture of the traveller. Morley had plunged, like so many of his period, from Christian orthodoxy into the broad stream of Rationalism. A few calm sentences attest the great change. There must have been periods of his early life which were times of hard struggle for bread and a little fame. These recollections give no hint of them. They show Morley emerging, finished, from the work of the accomplished essayist and acknowledged interpreter of thought and politics into the career of the statesman, enjoying both lives. Both, indeed, were deeply colored with success, and strengthened with high and interesting companionship. The character of the association varied. We have spoken of the comradeship with Chamberlain, with Dilke in a rather dim and cold background, for the two characters were not sympathetic. The current changed when Gladstone intervened with a conscious or half-conscious effort to break the Chamberlain connection. Then ensued a real affection. Mrs. Gladstone, a simple but shrewd observer, said of her husband to Lord Morley that he "never talked with anybody else as he talks with you." The bond of the spirit worked with power in an association which barely covered a vestige of common belief in the ultimate answers to eternal questions, and yet disclosed a certain sympathy of soul, a common seriousness, a common interest in the spiritual side of things and many common literary affinities.

No great political intimacy followed the death of Gladstone. There was a slight and temporary tie with Rosebery, and the social reform group of the Cabinet of 1892. Morley backed Rosebery for the Premiership after a pretty long experience of Harcourt's want of "prudence and patience," his "moods" and his comminatory style with his colleagues. Harcourt was, as Morley happily says of him, an eighteenth-century figure of real if too imposing charm, sceptical,\* but a Liberal, though too exclusively a Parliamentarian. His colleagues could not reconcile themselves to his temperament; and, indeed, his hour had passed. Rosebery accepted the Premiership with reluctance, realizing his own limitations and those of his rank, and only yielding to irresistible pressure from without and within, and then simply faded out of it. The golden age of Liberalism was over and nothing could restore it. The younger leaders—Asquith, Grey, Haldane—were of the Imperialist school. Their strength was their interest in the social question; and here, in spite of his difficulty over the Eight Hours' Bill, Morley was instinctively drawn to them. Their error lay in the attempt—largely on Haldane's inspiration—to form a separate camp, which, save for the resolution of one plain man, would have become the headquarters of a new Army. But the South African War brought Harcourt and Morley together again; and for the second time Morley's eloquence and sensitive moral spirit helped to save Liberalism from shipwreck. The actual standard-bearer of the fight against Liberal Imperialism was Campbell-Bannerman. He was a phenomenally brave, and, within his limits, a singularly sagacious man. But his title to fame rests on one or two almost heroic gestures. He had, as Morley records, dared to tell the country the truth; and it had not only forgiven him the home-thrust, but thanked him for it with such a tribute of power as it never yielded its greatest in their hour of triumph. But his Premiership was a brief one, and though Asquith, his natural successor, was a friend and a good one, there was no renewal of the heart-to-heart relationship with Gladstone. For his own part in the renaissance of Liberalism, Morley chose a second task, the complement of his first.

Some not altogether complimentary references have

\* He agreed with Disraeli, says Morley, that the "great thing in politics is the personal."

been made to Lord Morley's inclusion in this book of his private letters to Lord Minto, during their association as Secretary of State for India and Governor-General. We entirely disagree. The correspondence is of first-rate importance. It is a little pedagogic in tone. But nothing can be clearer than that the Indian Government of that day wanted schooling, and that a less firm Liberalism, a less broad and widely instructed intellect than Morley brought to his task, would have failed before the solid mass of prejudice and self-sufficiency it encountered. Lord Minto was a good specimen of his class. But at times even he had to be taught the A B C of free and even of good government. Bearing all this in mind, it is easy for the reader of these letters to acquit Lord Morley of the charge of coldness, and even harshness, towards the movement of Indian reform. He had a fearful task. He exhibits its character with truth and penetration. Behind the Indian discontent lay not only the political renaissance of the East, but "a new and ominous suspicion that England had come to a stop in her liberating mission." In a word, Lord Morley had to convince the Indians that Liberalism was still an act as well as a word, and the Indian Government that it meant its business and knew it. The little group of pro-Indians in the Commons saw much of Morley's critical apprehension of a too rapid "header" into the policy of self-government. He genuinely disliked their tone, and showed small respect for one or two of the personalities amongst them. He was not thick-skinned, and his literary sense made him wince under a wrong or an over-stressed word. But they did not see what he was up against, and the effort of mingled diplomacy and firmness which was wanted to prevent Anglo-Indianism from slipping the collar. Even at home he had his difficulties. The King reproached him for taking the riots too coolly, whereas "they ought to prevent him sleeping at night." Morley replied rather sharply: "Well, Sir, if they did I should not be much good by day." But those Indian "Tchinovniks," as he calls them! They wanted a general press law to come into force on the initiative of the military; they wanted a Lieutenant-Governor to have the power of closing the mouth of a speaker he disliked (much as Mr. Bertrand Russell's mouth has been closed to-day); they wanted these and other things without a thought of what a Liberal-Labor majority of 200 votes might say to them. And they often talked as if India were, in effect, an independent sovereignty. Morley maintained an infinite, if at times a slightly ironical tenderness towards Lord Minto's fears and reserves. But he did not hide his light. He reminded Lord Minto on one occasion that his Indian F.O. was, "and must be, what I venture to call provincial." And though he thought Strafford might have done for Governor-General, he simply would not accept a mere policy of "thorough."

"I'm as much for Vigor as they are" (he wrote in response to one of these appeals); "but I am not going to admit that Vigor is the same thing as *Pogroms*. When I read of the author (or printer) of a seditious pamphlet being punished with seven years of transportation, I feel restive. I have ordered that the pamphlet and proceedings shall be sent to me, and it may prove that I have been misinformed. I hope so. Then—is said to have sentenced some political offenders to be flogged. That, as I am advised, is not authorised by the law, either as it stood, or as it will stand under flogging provisions as amended. There also I have called for the papers, and we shall see. — said to me this morning, 'You see, the great executive officers never like or trust lawyers.' 'I'll tell you why,' I said, 'tis because they don't like or trust law; they in their hearts believe before all else the virtues of will and arbitrary power.'"

In this spirit he laid down to the Governor-General as the "fundamental question" "for you and me," "whether the excited Corporal and the angry Planter are to be the arbiters of our policy." The excited Corporal (a member of this class had just shot a native "in a fit of excitement") and the angry Planter did not get their way, though they found in Lord Morley an almost fastidious regard for their feelings. But they must have nearly driven his great experiment on to the rocks. Government in blank he would not submit to. Though the period of his Secretaryship was dangerously disturbed, he showed panic the door, and would only endorse sentences that he had examined and approved. "One thing I beseech you to avoid," he pleaded, "is a single case of investigation in the absence of the accused." "I confess to you I am watching with the deepest concern and dismay the thundering sentences that are now being passed for sedition." Such remonstrances are frequent, and make







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a grand catena of protest. "Clemency Canning was a great man after all," he reminded Lord Minto, and added from his store of admonitions a warning reference to an ancestor of the Governor-General's, Gilbert Elliot, "friend and disciple of Burke, and one of the leaders against the greatest of Governors-General."

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"Cold upon the dead volcano sleeps the gleam of dying day," he added a later line in his own hand. It was this:—

"'Love your enemy, bless your haters,' said the greatest of the great."

Is not that the universal benediction of the high-minded? At least it is not a bad judgment on Lord Morley's own life.

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For, indeed, the spirit which pervades this inimitable history is, in the true sense of an often misused word, Rabelaisian. Professor Saintsbury's critical touchstone, like Master Francis's, is his own enjoyment; and he enjoys largely and well. I do not know whether Mr. Arnold Bennett reckons him among his detested "mandarins," but, in many ways, he is considerably less of a panjandrum than Mr. Bennett himself. None dances more violently than he in indignation at the restraints and frigid imprimaturs of official criticism; none more joyously strives after catholicity of literary experience, or delights in exercising a more downright independence of judgment. *Fay ce que voudras*, and if your heart is in the right place, and you go to the books themselves instead of reading what others have written about them, then, although you may not have written as many essays on literature as Professor Saintsbury has written whole histories, you will be received by him as a worthy citizen of the literary Thelema to which all right-minded men belong.

To us this spirit of go-as-you-please humanism contains in itself a virtue so great that all Professor Saintsbury's little perversities, whether of judgment or language, pale into insignificance in its comparison. (The very perversities are, in fact, implicit in the virtue.) But this attitude of mind has a quintessential value when it is applied to French literature. There the "mandarin" has had it all his own way. The verdicts are all ready-made and passed on with but infinitesimal variations from one generation of professors to another; they cross the Channel in the form of dogmas, to which a patient English public unhesitatingly subscribes. A few heresies find their way over also, but for one that is sensible, there are a dozen that are merely foolish. If England has shown itself justly appreciative of the merits of Stendhal (who might quite well have been forgotten had it not been for the patient and heretical cult maintained by Taine's predecessors at the Ecole Normale), it has also wasted reams of good paper and ink on modern French poets in every way inferior to our own. The only

way of putting an end to the critical incoherence which accepts the dogmas of official criticism for everything that is not contemporary and the dogmas of the Café de la Rotonde for everything that is, is to read the criticism of a man who, like Professor Saintsbury, can be heterodox and honest without risking excommunication. And this is itself only a half-way house to the true goal—the reading of the books themselves.

To criticize Professor Saintsbury's history in detail, therefore, really amounts to little more than pitting one's own likes and dislikes against his, which is rather idle, for two reasons. He is beyond all reasonable doubt the best-read student of French literature among us; and, secondly, he is so catholic that it is mainly a question of opposing one's own dislikes to his likes. Possibly the only chance we should have of being other than the devil's advocate would be in *re* "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" of Choderlos de Laclos, which Professor Saintsbury anathematizes with bell, book, and candle, but which we honestly consider a very remarkable example of a rather sterile, rather unpleasant, but brilliantly clear and steely psychological analysis, whose influence reaches well forward and helps to shape some of the most distinguished work of the nineteenth century. In our view the French novel of the eighteenth century falls into place beneath the culminating antithesis of "La Nouvelle Héloïse," on the one hand, and "Les Liaisons Dangereuses" on the other. The task of the novelist of the nineteenth century, when the romantic wave was once fairly broken and spent, was to reconcile these seeming opposites. We shall probably find the twentieth century still at it, for by no means has it been finally accomplished. Therefore, to call Choderlos de Laclos, as Professor Saintsbury does, a "Rousseau de mauvais lieu" is, in our less qualified but honest opinion, something more than a perversity of taste. After all, in the matter of mere unpleasantness, Laclos certainly is no worse than Crébillon fils, over whom the Professor's ægis is quite generously spread. But Laclos is exactly not a Rousseau de mauvais lieu; for he is not in the least like Rousseau, save in so far that both their novels are—unfortunately—in the letter form. Laclos is an aristocrat; Rousseau is plebs. The second preface to "La Nouvelle Héloïse" tells in so many words how Rousseau's novel is a direct reaction from, and protest against, the view of life which is expressed in the fiction of Laclos. In his preface Laclos also claimed that he was putting his own society in the pillory, and he may have been sincere. It does not greatly matter, beside the fact that Rousseau and Laclos were a very perfect example of an antinomy which reaches far back to the very origins of the French novel in particular.

At this point we begin to feel as (we hope) the late excellent M. Faguet felt when he complained so bitterly that Balzac had no "general ideas." What *does* it matter, in the first place, when it is so thrilling to read Balzac; and, secondly, he probably did have general ideas. Only they were not of a kind to be properly appreciated by M. Faguet. So we, who hold rather strongly that the positive evolution of the French novel took the form of a continual reaction against the exclusive literature of an aristocracy, have no right to conclude that Professor Saintsbury is not aware of this merely because his history contains no hint of it. Nevertheless, it is in this respect that a certain disadvantage in making the pursuit of literary enjoyments—this history of a pleasure rather than of a kind, as the author expresses it in his preface—the ruling motive of a literary history becomes manifest. So many delectable roads lead to nowhere. That there should be a thoroughfare is a matter of indifference to the literary *flâneur*; but it should begin to count for something with the critic, and for much with the literary historian. And here we touch bottom. Professor Saintsbury holds that minorities have a kind of divine right to consideration in literary history, a conception which has sometimes seemed in the past to come perilously near to claiming a divine right for literary nonentities. And, although he expressly disclaims any intention of acting upon this principle in this new work, he has not been wholly successful in exorcising the old Adam.

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And at this point we begin to speculate whether our author's catholicity is not, after all, rather a dangerous thing. Perhaps his zeal for inclusion has ended, as it generally does in other walks of life, by lowering his standards. At times we feel that for him a novel is primarily a "yarn," where verisimilitude may be judged by very easy standards, provided there is enough of the stuff to make it a book on hand. But that fleeting suspicion is safely dispelled as soon as we are through with the *Cyrus*. Sorel's "*Francion*" (1623) receives its due measure of appreciation; *Furetière* and *Scarron* are well and justly treated; and *Anthony Hamilton* is royally understood and praised. The *Cyrus* apart, one cannot imagine the novel of the seventeenth century better done. Our difference of opinion concerning the importance of *Choderlos de Laclos* in the eighteenth has already been recorded.

Thus we have left the best wine till the last. No praise could, in truth, be too high for Professor Saintsbury's treatment of the period up to *Rabelais*. The chapter on *Rabelais* himself is quite masterly, and the descriptive analysis of the great book far better than anything of the kind that we have ever seen. The time, moreover, is very ripe for such enterprise (though the chances were few that it should be attempted), for the sad fact is that *Rabelais* is no longer the English classic that he was fifty years ago. The account of the early French romances is as admirable as the—all too few—translated extracts. For ourselves we should have liked to find some mention of the "*geste des Lorrains*." The death of *Bègue* in "*Garin*" is surely one of the finest pieces of tale-telling in early French literature. The breathless speed of that solitary chase for the boar, when sick of long disuse and hungry for the sight of his brother *Garin*, *Bègue* takes to horse on his last ride; his terrifying vigil by the dead beast in the unknown wood, when he winds his horn to summon his men, and only his enemies arrive, to slay him in unequal combat—six to one; the intensely dramatic quality of this narrative is unforgettable. We find it also somewhat strange that no word should be said of *Marie de France* in the very notable chapter on the "matter of Britain." The story of the murder of the nightingale has an exquisiteness so perennial that only the much-trying adjective "modern" can be used for it. Nor do we think that Professor Saintsbury has sufficiently indicated the great influence of the Provençal conception of knightly lore on the subsequent chivalric and pastoral romance. It practically dominated the aristocratic novel until the end of the seventeenth century; no other kind of love was known to prose fiction, save the realistic *amour gaulois* of the plebs, and the *fabliaux*. The two conceptions stand over against each other for nearly five centuries, and give to the fundamental antithesis, to which we have already alluded, one of its most

striking forms. But these suggestions are not, and are not meant to be, criticism. What remains after reading the book is a rare sense of heightened capacity for literary enjoyment. We are exhilarated, having been privileged to share a great adventure. Even those who are not in any degree students of French literature, even those who have read hardly a French novel at all, will, if they will not risk the attempt, surely yield to the fascination of listening to a man who has a living relation to the literature of which he treats. His "history of a pleasure" will add a chapter at least to the history of theirs.

Finally, a word in defence of the most eminent of modern French medievalists, M. Bédier. Professor Saintsbury (if we may judge from a note to p. 13) seems to have been rather piqued by "an American statement that this excellent scholar's researches 'have revised our conceptions'" of the *chansons de geste*. Inasmuch as Professor Saintsbury has always been sceptical of the existence of any "ballad-originals" of the *chansons*, he may fairly claim to have anticipated the negative portion of M. Bédier's criticism, though he must surely appreciate the manner in which the French scholar has disposed of the *cantilène* theory. But he seems to be ignorant of the constructive theory of M. Bédier, which assigns to the clergy the principal part in the creation of the *chansons*, and groups them about various abbeys, shrines, and pilgrim roads. It is this part of M. Bédier's theory as much as the other which "has revised our conceptions" of the *chansons*. And, *pace* Professor Saintsbury, the American statement is true.

#### A PLAIN-DEALER IN INDIA.

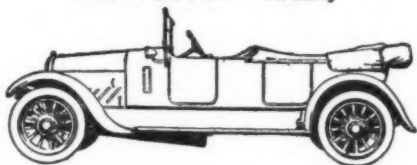
"India and the Future." By WILLIAM ARCHER. (Hutchinson. 16s. net.)

A CERTAIN unscrupulous integrity is, according to an admiring contemporary, the mark of Mr. Archer's mind. Certainly nothing has ever come from his diligent and competent pen bearing the mark more unmistakably than this statement of the Indian problem. Written in the year before the war, it has not been altered. A short preface and an occasional footnote are added, not to correct the text, but to emphasize the author's claim, abundantly demonstrable, that the central position of the book has been vastly strengthened by the events of the past three years. Up to 1914, as Mr. Archer says, that position was a mere heresy; it has now been converted into an orthodox and accepted principle. In ten downright chapters the argument is stated and developed, each chapter pitched on a note of ringing challenge which gives to "*India and the Future*" a vivid interest and a positive value not in the least likely to be impaired by the controversies which it is clearly destined to produce. Mr. Archer has a twofold thesis. To his fellow-countrymen he says: British rule in India must and will end in chaos unless you resolve that it shall be so transformed in method and aim as to merge into a system of orderly and complete self-government. If we refuse to read events; if we seek to chain those forces which, as Lord Curzon reminded us the other day, are rising irresistibly throughout the world; if we continue to assume and assert the perpetuity of our dominion in the East, we are inviting our own doom. There is but one alternative: "the recognition that our rule in India is a means, not an end, and that the end is none other than the addition of a great self-sufficing, self-respecting, civilized community to the free and equal nations of the earth."

An equal frankness is the portion of the Indian reader, who will probably feel that Mr. Archer makes him understand the ecstasy of downright plain-dealing between West and East. Here, put much more briefly though not at all less bluntly than Mr. Archer puts it, is the admonition to India: Give up that poisonous stuff about a glorious Indian past, about the chosen Aryan race, the supremacy of Indian philosophy, spirituality, and divine knowledge. India never had a Golden Age; her ancient metaphysics will not do; her "noble idealism" is an amazing illusion; the most we can say is that she has had an interesting and chequered moral history; and, as for her popular religion, it is "the lowest professed and practised by any people that purports to have risen above savagery."

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Of course the book, for all its candor and clarity, will be misunderstood. The sensitive and uncritical lover of India will take Mr. Archer's scepticism for lack of understanding and his rationality for mere philistinism; while a contemptuous Anglo-India will want to know how a serious and eminent writer can harmonize his high claim for an autonomous India with so extraordinarily vigorous and pointed an onslaught upon the pretensions of those who magnify the Indian mind and character and its achievement in imaginative creation. True, Mr. Archer is harder in analysis and argument than he need have been, but it is not difficult to see how this has come about. His "unscrupulous integrity" has been affronted, and he refuses to be put upon. He has visited Madura and Trichinopoly, and the memory of them oppresses him as with a multitudinous nightmare. He has read in the Upanishads, and while marvelling at "the luxuriance of sheer cerebration," is convinced that they offer no sure foothold to a good Scots intellect. He has attacked those interminable epics, and, one is bound to say, has come upon some most reprehensible incidents and some outrageous similes. They provoke him to indignant protest, and quite rightly; but perhaps Mr. Archer should not allow himself to be so disturbed by the monstrous statistics of the Mahabharata, or with such impassioned agreement to transcribe Macaulay's celebrated passage about Hindu geography with its seas of butter and of treacle. After all, as the world to-day is sorrowfully confessing, the precision of materialist science may be more terrible in its results than the maddest of superstitions.

A few of Mr. Archer's comments are rather surprising. He is surely wrong in thinking that the principle of divide-and-rule is not consciously given weight in the councils of the ruling race. In discussing, very briefly, the effects of the administrative system upon the condition of the peasant, he has left out of account the grave indictments of British commissions and high officials. He repeats the manifestly incredible statement, first authoritatively circulated by Sir John Strachey, as to the practice of infanticide among the princely houses of the Rajputs extending to all the daughters. But these are very minor matters. The essential thing to say is that "India and the Future" is a brilliant contribution, the product of a mind which has that rarest of gifts, perfect straightness of vision combined with uncompromising fairness in debate and decision.

#### AMOR, IRA, VOLUPTAS.

"*Cœlebs*." By F. E. MILLS YOUNG. (Lane. 6s.)

"*Quine*." By OXFORD SOMERSET. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

"*Love and Hatred*." By Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES. (Chapman & Hall. 6s. net.)

"*Young Madam at Clapp's*." By Mrs. BAILLIE SAUNDERS. (Hutchinson. 6s.)

"*The Tempting Thought*." By HYLTON CLEAVER. (Mills & Boon. 6s.)

In novels, at any rate, we may believe that all's fair in love and war, and in a large field and no favor. For the time being we have had enough of war in novels, and it is like turning up an antique and flattened primrose, inserted, say, in the "Golden Treasury" or the "Open Road," to discover five novels all occupied simply with the May and October of courtship and matrimony.

"*Cœlebs*" distinctly belongs to the species " quaint and old-fashioned." Miss Mills Young possesses a kind of organic good taste proceeding from emotional rather than artistic health. For that reason we can read with patience the story of the bachelor, Mr. Musgrave, who replies to the question whether he has missed the moving pictures, "I was present during the first half of the programme," who examines all the gas-jets, inspects all the bars and locks of doors and windows, places a guard in front of the drawing-room fire, and looks to see if Martha has left too large a fire burning in the kitchen-range every single night of his life, who is "a perfectly simple-souled and self-disciplined man" wooing the lady of the Hall garden. There used to be a remote period when ladies requested gentlemen not to smoke; another shrouded in the fog of time was when gentlemen requested ladies not to smoke. So Mr. Musgrave with Peggy. Still, neither party is intransigent, and after some compromise

and give-and-take, Mr. Musgrave and Peggy make a treaty of peace and a league of wedlock, the one presumably happy with his cigar, the other with her cigarette.

Mr. Somerset would lull us with some account of Quine, a young officer in India with an unsavory past of amorous idleness. So, of course, he really ought to have been an artist instead of in the army. He pays a heavy debt by forgery, and, coming into a fortune, returns to England and marries Madeline, his vicar's daughter. But then Nettie, one of the episodes of Quine's past and the mother of his child, arrives to disturb the process of regeneration by a good woman. Mr. Somerset upholds the character of Nettie in a few crisp and precise sentences:—"She was a gallant little bit of humanity in her way, plumped down, unfortunately, in this ill-planned world in the wrong place. She might have been—anything; she was—what Quine had called her, an infernal little monstrous devil, or something very much like it. What a waste!" Such a waste that we really cannot be bothered to play the obliging commentator with the wand to Mr. Somerset's slides any longer. Mr. Somerset's novel is, in a way, like a fish out of water. It just flaps.

"*Love and Hatred*" strikes us as being a powerful novel *manqué*. It begins extremely well, with a promising theme and some fresh, decided writing. It gathers force, too, unwinding freely and spontaneously from its own axis, as a good novel should do. The married couple of the Pavelys are an excellent sketch, and Mrs. Lowndes shows a firm touch in mixing her colors. Pavely, the husband, a mean, narrow, cautious, suspicious business type, and yet pitiable in his vague gropings and frustrations rather than pitiful; Laura Pavely, with her heroically born sorrows, her noble reserves, the implication of purpose and individuality rather than resignation in her endurance—and yet unable to respond to her would-be lover, Oliver Tropenell, not out of greatness, but timidity of soul. It is as if she had fallen a victim to the circumstances which her fortitude and refinement had created. Obviously there is material here, which, in able hands, would not obstinately resist the solidity and delicacy of structure which it demands. Unfortunately, Mrs. Lowndes takes a gambling chance and loses. Oliver Tropenell, who is rather too rigid to be satisfactory, in order to free Laura, but without informing her or designing any personal recompense, adopts the somewhat drastic remedy of murdering Pavely, in the masquerade of a Portuguese financier. After a year's interval, he does, however, marry Laura Pavely, but his Italianate-Renaissance crime being discovered, kills himself within a fortnight of his marriage. All this is somehow irrelevant, as if the narrative had not got home before nightfall—had missed the right road and got lost. Mrs. Lowndes gives us the impression of imposing an arbitrary design upon a substance very well able to take care of and develop itself.

It is curious how some novels can be earnest, honest, and eager to grapple with realities, without being for a moment convincing. Mrs. Baillie Saunders's book is a poser from that point of view. It relates how Marion Witler, an heiress of an East-end property, devotes herself, under the auspices of Francis Ingold, an austere, self-sacrificing parson, to living in personal contact with the people of her slum and "improving" their lot. She finally marries the parson, when, on turning out to be somebody else, his principles permit him to ask her. There are good things in patches in the book, but it lacks cohesion, is liable to become fantastic and to get out of hand.

"*The Tempting Thought*" is all about love and athletics, the soft alternating with the hard pedal. The thought of how many thousand others are exactly like it in form, sentiment, attitude, and expression, is not a tempting one.

#### BOOKS IN BRIEF.

"*Actions and Reactions in Russia*." By R. SCOTLAND RIDDELL. (Chapman & Hall. 10s. 6d. net.)

As a rule, our English narratives of the war are so half-hearted and polite about the central fact, that readers, until recently, had the impression that war was rather a joke—a beastly one it is true, but with its good points. The

## BROKEN!

THEY are just some of the men who "went over the top" a little year ago; they were blithe men, lithe men then, as they charged, with a laugh and a grim jest, to the sound of "CARRY ON!" . . . And midst the unthinkable horror of it all Death passed them by—leaving them as you see them to-day, with never a laugh or jest, just palsied limbs or dislocated speech!

It is a heart-breaking sight to see strong men "broken," quaking with unreasoning fear at every unexpected sound or sight, and obsessed with some trivial thought that would hardly linger in an unshattered mind. And then the horror of their nights; whilst with their waking comes the never-ceasing consciousness of how near the "Borderland" they too have come; and in gauging the distance they sometimes overstep the boundary.

And yet, for all the pathos of it, cure can be effected; but only those who know (the doctors and nurses who have been specially trained) fully realise what an infinity of patience is required to cope with them.

Such cases have occurred in civil life, and during the course of the last half-century the staff of the Hospital for Nervous Diseases, Maida Vale, have been acquiring that knowledge and skill which is enabling them to do so much for war wrecks both at MAIDA VALE and at the GOLDERS GREEN BRANCH.

But more is wanted of you than a mere appreciation. You who have shared in a nation's sorrow, won't you help in this national work? Its vital importance is apparent. Perhaps it was your boy who urged them on, in the cool morning air, with a "CARRY ON!" and, again, more faintly, "CARRY ON!"—won't you carry on and do your part?

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war as soldiers know it was left out. That cannot be said of this book about the Russian front, where the author served as a company officer. It is well written, veracious, and illuminates a length of the battle line of which we know very little.

\* \* \*

**"The Life of Sir Colin C. Scott-Moncrieff."** Edited by his Niece, MARY A. HOLLINGS. (Murray. 12s. net.)

This volume is mainly autobiographical. The editor describes it as a mosaic made of the reminiscences and letters of Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff and the contributions of relatives and friends. Sir Colin spent a long life in the public service. In the history of India and Egypt his work will occupy a distinguished place. For twenty years he was employed on irrigation schemes in India, and as Director of Irrigation in Egypt from 1883 to 1892 he achieved, in spite of disheartening opposition and other difficulties, enormous success in guiding and directing water to vitalise an arid land. "Happy is the reformer," he said, "who finds things so bad he cannot make a movement without making an improvement." We get from this book an impression of an upright, hard-working, public-spirited man, steadfast in his task in the midst of public troubles and personal bereavements, and with a lovable simplicity of mind. He readily undertook colossal works of engineering, but hesitated to give an opinion on "Robert Elsmere," as it was "a big subject." There was an engaging innocence in his politics. In a delightful description of the Egyptian ruins (how Cambyse did it without dynamite "I can't think") he turns aside to express fear of John Morley and those philosophical Radicals, and to wish "Gladstone were for ever out of the counsels of the Nation."

\* \* \*

**"The Book of the Rothamstead Experiments."** By A. D. HALL. (Murray. 10s. 6d. net.)

If the current talk of reconstruction is to mean a new creation and not the renovation of old systems this book is one to which those who think of agriculture as something more than custom and tradition will turn for guidance. It has the aspect which is forbidding to those for whom a diagram is merely a mathematical conceit and not a condensed epitome which may hold the significant things of life. For our part we have found this volume of enticing interest. The Rothamstead experiments, the most complete of their kind ever attempted, were initiated and carried on for sixty years by Sir John Lawes with the scientific superintendence of Sir Joseph Gilbert, and have been continued since the death of those pioneers. The object was to learn the conditions under which plants grow and soil supplies them with nitrogen; to discover what chemical research can do to bring crops abundantly from the earth. On one of the fields, for instance, wheat has been grown for the last sixty years continuously on the same plots with the same manure, the purpose being to arrive at principles of general application, leaving the farmer to adapt those principles to his own conditions. Mr. Hall published his account of what was accomplished in 1905. This new edition, revised by Mr. E. J. Russell, brings the tables and other data up-to-date. New chapters have been added.

\* \* \*

**"Central America."** By W. H. KOEBEL. (Fisher Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

In his series of surveys of the countries of Latin America, Mr. Koebel in this volume deals with Guatemala, Nicaragua, Costa Rica, Honduras, Panama, and Salvador—names good enough in themselves to entice the romantic. The author, however, has his eye chiefly upon their latent possibilities for commerce, and with that end in view, he has given us a very informative book.

## The Week in the City.

Much discussion is proceeding in the City as to what is to be done to finance the war. More than a thousand million Treasury Bills are outstanding, and last week the Government had to "temporarily borrow" 23½ millions. Only 9½ millions was received in subscriptions to National

War Bonds. One suggestion is that there should be a 3 per cent. loan absolutely free from all taxes for all time. But, of course, it is not possible to bind future Parliaments, except by moral obligations. The reappearance of wage troubles, due, it seems, to Mr. Winston Churchill's impetuous generosity, has alarmed railway shareholders, and depression has attacked the Home Railway Market. Peruvians have been encouraged by the Report, and the Foreign Market is better than the foreign news. Armament shares are in great request, and all Industrial shares which depend upon the war for their prosperity are being bought. On the other hand, prospects in the textile industries are rather bad. Of course the Lansdowne letter may alter conditions entirely before next week. But it will only be digested slowly.

### PERUVIAN CORPORATION.

Owing to substantial payments on account of arrears of the annuity of £80,000 by the Peruvian Government, the profits of the Peruvian Corporation for the year ended June 30th last, show a considerable increase. And this despite the fact that the Guano account shows no revenue whatever for the period, shipments of guano having been suspended since September, 1915. But an improvement was also shown in the earnings of the railways under the Corporation's control, while the land colonization account showed a profit of £2,100—the first for some years. Total income amounted to £525,000, as against £466,200 for the previous year, the latter including £87,500 from Guano account. After deduction of debenture interest at 4 per cent. and amortization, and writing £84,400 off sundry accounts, there was a balance of £148,700, as against £109,500. To this has to be added £183,400 brought forward from the previous year, leaving £332,100 available for appropriation. It is proposed to pay a dividend of 1 per cent. on the Preference stock, requiring £74,600, as against ¼ per cent. a year ago; but before this can be done, an additional 2 per cent., or £108,000, has to be paid on the debentures, so that the balance carried forward is £33,900 lower, at £149,500. After payment of the proposed dividend, there will be 84½ per cent. of preference dividend in arrears. It is stated in the report that regular monthly payments of the annuity, of which one year is still in arrears, have been resumed, and that additional provision has been made to meet arrears and interest. The guano position is still unsettled, suggestions made by the Peruvian Government for a financial solution of the whole guano question not having proved acceptable to the Corporation.

### FRENCH NATIONAL DEFENCE LOAN.

Particulars of the London issue of the new French War Loan were made known this week. The issue will be made at the rate of £2 10s. 6d. per 100 francs nominal capital, which, at the exchange of 27.40 francs per £, is the equivalent of 69.20 francs, the price of issue in Paris. The loan may be redeemed on or after January 1st, 1943, but not before. Coupons are payable quarterly at the Banks of England or Ireland during the war at rates of exchange to be announced from time to time, or in francs at Paris. After the war, coupons will be payable in France at the offices of the appointed agents. French Treasury bills due January and October, 1918, may be tendered in lieu of cash. The yield works out at about 5½ per cent. at the present rate of exchange, but will, of course, vary with later movements in the exchange, and in view of the possibility of an eventual return to the normal, the investment has great attractions.

### COATS'S PROFITS.

The profits shown in the report of J. & P. Coats Ltd. for the year ended June 30th last, are £26,400 lower than in the previous year, but this is partly due to the fact that excess profits duty is deducted before striking profits, and the last payment was probably much larger than the previous one. Profits, after allowing for depreciation, amounted to £3,360,950, as against £3,387,400 for 1915-16. The same dividends are paid—namely, 20 per cent. on the Preferred Ordinary stock, and 30 per cent. on the Ordinary shares. This leaves £3,523,300, including the balance brought forward. A new war contingency fund is created to which £2,000,000 is credited, leaving £1,523,300 to be carried forward. Reserves now amount to £9,600,000, or only £400,000 less than the paid-up capital.

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